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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

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THE

SIXTY-THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

MALLET,

AND

PART OF AKENSIDE.

THE

POEMS

OF

DAVID MALLET, Esq.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

NO man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been ſurprized, I believe, to ſee a poet inſcribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongſt her moſt celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magiſtrates of the firſt diſtinction, and had applied themſelves ſeverely to the ſtudy of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the ſame time, illuſtrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the ſervice of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embelliſhed their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has ſpread, we ſee, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no ſpecies of polite literature could be foreign to their taſte or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the beſt poets their reſpective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviouſly to every eye, that I am induced

to place your name at the head of this collection, ſuch as it is, of the different things I have written.

" Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."

And were I as ſure, my Lord, that it is deſerving of your regard, as I am that theſe verſes were not applied with more propriety at firſt than they are now; the publick would univerſally juſtify my ambition in preſenting it to you. But, of that, the public only muſt and will judge, in the laſt appeal. There is but one thing, to beſpeak their favour and your friendſhip, that I dare be poſitive in: without which, you are the laſt perſon in Britain to whom I ſhould have thought of addreſſing it. And this any man may affirm of himſelf, without vanity; becauſe it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occaſion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honeſt man, a good ſubject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated ſome few moments, the firſt day of this new year, to ſend you, according to good old cuſtom, a preſent. An humble one, I confeſs it is; and that can have little other value but what ariſes from the diſpoſition of the ſender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effuſion of thoſe ſentiments, which great merit, employed to the beſt purpoſes, naturally creates.

May

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole courſe of this and many more years, that ſound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the publick ſo much want, and ſo juſtly merit! And may you ſoon have the ſatisfaction to ſee, what I know you ſo ardently wiſh, this deſtructive war, however neceſſary on our part, concluded by a ſafe and laſting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no leſs uſeful than ornamental to human life, and that now languiſh, may again flouriſh, under the eye and encouragement of thoſe few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the ſincereſt attachment,

MY LORD,

Your moſt faithful

humble ſervant.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

AS the deſign of the following poem is to rally the abuſe of Verbal Criticiſm, the author could not, without manifeſt partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Reſtorer of Shakeſpeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample ſpecimens with which that Scholiaſt has already obliged the publick: and of theſe, and theſe only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the Critic, not bearing the leaſt ill-will to the Man, he deferred printing theſe verſes, though written ſeveral months ago, till he heard that the ſubſcription for a new edition of Shakeſpeare was cloſed.

He begs leave to add likewiſe, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the Gentleman to whom it is addreſſed. Only as it is a public teſtimony of his inviolable eſteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wiſhes, it may not be judged to increaſe the number of mean performances, with which the town is almoſt daily peſtered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by fate deſign'd
Oft to diſturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of ſpecial note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave ſon of idle Induſtry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books miſguide.
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rareſt ſcience, where ſo few excel;

Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcann'd, tranſcends thy lays,
For wit ſupreme is but thy ſecond praiſe:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who chuſe the better part,
To tell how falſe, how vain, the Scholiaſt's art,
Which nor to taſte, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common ſenſe.
In error obſtinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, poſitive, and proud;
Deep in the darkneſs of dull authors bred,
With all their refuſe lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth ſteps at laſt the ſelf-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and ſtraws, to write:
Sagely reſolv'd to ſwell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Ariſtotle's cap were round or ſquare;
If in the cave, where Dido firſt was ſped,
To Tyre ſhe turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That ſtore a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame aſcends, and ſnow is white:
Hence, much hard ſtudy, without ſenſe or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakeſpeare ſays, the noon-day ſun is bright,
His Scholiaſt will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus

Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!
But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakeſpeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to reſtore,
Meets he ſuch ſlight regard in nameleſs lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Would-be pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who firſt created, and yet rules, the ſtage,
Bold to deſign, all-powerful to expreſs,
Shakeſpeare each paſſion drew in every dreſs:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his ſenſe debas'd by groſs allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big ſtage thunders, and the ſoul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer ſleeps.
Such was the Poet: next the Scholiaſt view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren ſoil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low induſtry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm ſo, in ſhelf or ſtall,
Will feed alike on Woolſton and on Paul.
By living clients hopeleſs now of bread,
He pettyfogs a ſcrap from authors dead:

See him on Shakeſpeare pore, intent to ſteal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern ſeas is found,
Whoſe name a Dutchman only knows to ſound.
Where-e'er the king of fiſh moves on before,
This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore;
With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With thoſe choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.

Bleſt genius! who beſtows his oil and pains
On each dull paſſage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the taſk more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There, moſt exact the reading to reſtore;
By dint of plodding, and by ſweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuſe critically gleaning,
And mending nonſenſe into doubtful meaning.

V. 78. This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you ſee how he purchaſes his food: and the ſame author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may ſee him, adds the Dutchman, frequently purſuing a ſort of ſea-mew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments inceſſantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, ſerves him, I imagine, for drink. See a Collection of Voyages to the North.

For

For this, dread Dennis (* and who can forbear,
Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to ſtare?)
His head though jealous, and his years fourſcore,
Ev'n Dennis praiſes, who ne'er prais'd before!
For this, the Scholiaſt claims his ſhare of fame,
And, modeſt, prints his own with Shakeſpeare's name:
How juſtly, Pope, in this ſhort ſtory view;
Which may be dull, and therefore ſhould be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who ſenſe with ſound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inſpir'd himſelf, his happy hearers charm'd.
The ſermon o'er, the croud remain'd behind,
And freely, man or woman, ſpoke their mind:
All ſaid they lik'd the lecture from their ſoul,
And each, remembering ſomething, prais'd the whole.
At laſt an honeſt ſexton join'd the throng
(For as the theme was large, their talk was long);
Neighbours, he cry'd, my conſcience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly moſt is ſhown:
Is there a Genius all-unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read;
Himſelf with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown of human kind;

V. 89. ——— * "Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve," &c.——VIRG.

V. 92. See the Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

That

That Writer he ſelects, with aukward aim
His ſenſe, at once, to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop, with half a noſe:
So fat Weſt Indian Planters dreſs at Beaux.
Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, ſtrange to ſay, tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to pleaſe,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with eaſe;
His genius ſocial, as his judgement clear;
When frolic, prudent; ſmiling when ſevere;
Secure, each temper, and each taſte to hit,
His was the curious happineſs of wit.
Skill'd in that nobleſt Science, How to live;
Which Learning may direct, but Heaven muſt give;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay;
Among the Fair, but juſt as wiſe as they:
Firſt in the friendſhips of the Great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling ſchools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulneſs of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide.
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part:
Holds high the ſcourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.
To Milton lending ſenſe, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never Poet writ:

The Roman Muſe arraigns his mangling pen;
And Paradiſe, by him, is loſt again.
Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that ſhall not ſee,
The low to ſwell, to level the ſublime,
To blaſt all beauty, and beproſe all rhyme.
Great eldeſt-born of Dullneſs, blind and bold!
Tyrant! more cruel than Procruſtes old;
Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
Their nobler part, the ſouls of ſuffering Wits.
Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human kind to ſound his praiſe,
For points tranſplac'd with curious want of ſkill,
For flatten'd ſounds, and ſenſe amended ill.
So wiſe Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the ſhore,
Swore he had rifled ocean's rich ſpoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
Yet be his merits, with his faults, confeſt:
Fair-dealing, as the plaineſt, is the beſt.

V. 144. This ſagacious Scholiaſt is pleaſed to create an imaginary editor of Milton; who, he ſays, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, loſt Paradiſe a ſecond time. This is a poſtulatum which ſurely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; becauſe otherwiſe he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himſelf, in the perſon of this phantom, fool, ignorant, ideot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully beſtows on him. But, though he had no taſte in poetry, he was otherwiſe a man of very conſiderable abilities, and of great erudition.

Long lay the Critic's work, with trifles ſtor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men, ſo well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have ſworn, were men of note:
To paſs upon the croud for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them ſtare.
For theſe blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ Engliſh notes—and mankind undeceiv'd:
In ſuch clear light the ſerious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis, thou may'ſt ſee the jeſt.
But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to diſcovery blind?
Let Crooke, a Brother-Sholiaſt Shakeſpeare call,
Tibbald, to Heſiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle ſtill: in this, we ſee
The lackies of the Great and Learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in ſuſpence, attends her fate;
In mimic ſeſſion their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
And, rivaling the critic's lofty ſtile,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.
Yet thoſe, whom pride and dulneſs join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow ſpace confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits, as ſcavenger's to ſtreets:
The humble black-guards of a Pope or Gay,
To bruſh off duſt, and wipe their ſpots away.
Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poiſon to the heart.

Where

Where ancient Authors hint at things obſcene,
The Scholiaſt ſpeaks out broadly what they mean.
Diſcloſing each dark vice, well loſt to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, ſober pimp to lechery, explains
What Capreæ's Iſle, or V** 's Alcove contains:
Why Paulus, for his ſordid temper known,
Was laviſh, to his father's wife alone:
Why thoſe fond female viſits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba; and what her trade:
How modern love has made ſo many martyrs,
And which keeps oftener, Lady C*, or Chartres.
But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the taſk were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in ſearch of thought;
To ſum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote;
To gueſs, ere one epiſtle ſaw the light,
How many dunces met, and club'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welſted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother-boobies ſteal a trope.
That be the part of perſevering Waſſe,
With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thine of braſs;

V. 209. See a Poem publiſhed ſome time ago under that title, ſaid to be the production of ſeveral ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a ſimile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four ſhrewd lines wholly made up of aſteriſks.

V. 213. See the Preface to his edition of Salluſt; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of ſixteen annotators by him collected, beſides his own.

A text

A text for Henley, or a gloſs for Hearne,
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.
How little, knowledge reaps from toils like theſe!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to pleaſe.
Yet, Critics, would your tribe deſerve a name,
And, fairly uſeful, riſe to honeſt fame;
Firſt, from the head, a load of lumber move,
And, from the volume, all yourſelves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us ſenſe,
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taſte preſides,
And wit enlivens but what reaſon guides:
Great without ſwelling, without meanneſs praiſe,
Serious, not ſilly; ſportive, but not vain;
On trifles ſlight, on things of uſe profound,
In quoting ſober, and in judging ſound.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, ON HIS VISITING OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR M,DCC,XXXIV.

RECEIVE, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praiſe,
This haſty welcome, in unfiniſh'd lays.
At beſt, the pomp of ſong, the paint of art,
Diſplay the genius, but not ſpeak the heart;
And oft, as ornament muſt truth ſupply,
Are but the ſplendid colouring of a lie.
Theſe need not here; for to a ſoul like thine,
Truth, plain and ſimple, will more lovely ſhine.

The

The truly good but wiſh the verſe ſincere:
They court no flattery, who no cenſure fear.
Such Naſſau is, the faireſt, gentleſt mind,
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind,
Crouds, who to hail thy wiſh'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praiſe and love the man.
Such ſenſe with ſweetneſs, grandeur mix'd with eaſe!
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to pleaſe:
Thy bright example ſhall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.
Nor deem this verſe from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the ſoil for baneful weeds.
Here candor dwells; here honeſt truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not diſguiſe, the thought.
See theſe enlighten'd Sages, who preſide
O'er learning's empire; ſee the youth they guide:
Behold, all faces are in tranſport dreſt!
But thoſe moſt wonder, who diſcern thee beſt.
At ſight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the ſight of princes rarely gives;
From tyrants ſprung, and oft themſelves deſign'd,
By Fate, the future Neroes of their kind:
But though thy blood, we know, tranſmitted ſprings
From laurel'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,
Through that high ſeries, we, delighted, trace
The friends of liberty, and human race!
Oh, born to glad and animate our Iſle!
For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our ſeaſons ſmile:
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,

All-chearing Health, the goddeſs roſy-fair,
Attended by ſoft ſuns, and vernal air,
Sought thoſe* fam'd ſprings, where, each afflictive hour,
Diſeaſe, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herſelf, and in thy cup aroſe.
Hence, to thy cheek, that inſtant bloom deriv'd:
Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!
Proceed to emulate thy race divine:
A life of action, and of praiſe, be thine.
Aſſert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By Nature, daring; but by reaſon, good.
So great, ſo glorious thy forefathers ſhone,
No ſon of theirs muſt hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in ſight;
Thy vice, if vice thou haſt, in ſtronger light.
If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou muſt do:
The honours, that already grace thy name,
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
Ev'n ſhe, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
Inſpires thee what to ſeek and what to ſhun:
Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
Makes the ſoul's beauty her peculiar care.
O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad encreaſe
Of ſons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters, fair and faithful, to ſupply
The patriot-race, till Nature's ſelf ſhall die!

* Bath.

VERSES

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY DR. FRAZER'S REBUILDING PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

IN times long paſt, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd deſpiſe the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Thoſe very arts, in others ſaw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, * a prelate, good and great,
The Muſes courted to this ſafe retreat:
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned leiſure, and with peace to dwell.
The fabric finiſh'd, to the † ſovereign's fame,
His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim.
Here, by ſucceſſive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flouriſh'd fair:
Soft and ſerene the kindly ſeaſons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.
Now, dire reverſe! impair'd by lapſe of years,
A falling waſte the Muſes' ſeat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, ſure deſtroyer, walks his hoſtile round:
Silent, and ſlow, and ceaſeleſs in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!

* Biſhop Elphinſton.

† Calling it King's College, in compliment to James II.

Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place:
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.
Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total deſolation near:
Beheld the Muſes ſtretch the wing to fly;
And fix'd on heaven his ſorrow-ſtreaming eye!
From heaven, in that dark hour, commiſſion'd came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremoſt name.
Swift Pity flew before her, ſoftly bright;
At whoſe felt influence, Nature ſmil'd with light.
" Hear, and rejoice!—the gracious Power begun—
" Already, fir'd by me thy favourite ſon,
" This ruin'd ſcene remarks with filial eyes;
" And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics riſe.
" Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments grey,
" In duſt deep-bury'd, loſt to memory lay,
" The column ſwells, the well-knit arches bend,
" The round dome widens, and the roofs aſcend!
" Nor ends the bounty thus: by him beſtow'd,
" Here, Science ſhall her richeſt ſtores unload.
" Whate'er, long-hid, Philoſophy has found;
" Or the Muſe ſung, with living lawrel crown'd;
" Or Hiſtory deſcry'd, far-looking ſage,
" In the dark doubtfulneſs of diſtant age;
" Theſe, thy beſt wealth, with curious choice combin'd,
" Now treaſur'd here, ſhall form the ſtudious mind:
" To wits unborn the wanted ſuccours give,
" And fire the Bard, whom Genius means to live.
" But, teach thy ſons the gentle laws of peace;
" Let low Self-love and pedant-Diſcord ceaſe:

" Their

" Their object Truth, Utility their aim,
" One ſocial ſpirit reign, in all the ſame.
" Thus aided arts ſhall with freſh vigour ſhoot;
" Their cultur'd bloſſoms ripen into fruit;
" Thy faded ſtar diſpenſe a brighter ray,
" And each glad Muſe renew her nobleſt lay,"

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's ſmile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy iſle;
A golden reign, uncurſt with party rage,
That foe to taſte, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:
The ſtateſman oft would ſoothe his toils with wit,
What Spenſer ſung, and Nature's Shakeſpeare writ;
Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the Muſe, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like aſcending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorns;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with ſwift encreaſe:

Rough nature ſoften'd into grace and eaſe;
Senſe grew polite, and ſcience ſought to pleaſe.
Reliev'd from yon rude ſcene of party-din,
Where open Baſeneſs vies with ſecret Sin,
And ſafe embower'd in * Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taſte approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muſe;
Through every boſom tender thought infuſe;
Melt angry Faction into moral ſenſe,
And to his gueſts a Bedford's ſoul diſpenſe.
And now, while Spring extends her ſmiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladneſs, in the living gale;
The various ſoftneſs, ſtealing through the heart,
Impreſſions ſweetly ſocial, will impart.
When ſad Eudocia pours her hopeleſs woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild paſſions blind,
Holds up himſelf, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conſcious, Nature is in all the ſame,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

* The Siege of Damaſcus was acted at Woburn, by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and ſome other perſons of diſtinction, in the month of May, 1743.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

TO woman, ſure, the moſt ſevere affliction
Is, from theſe fellows, point-blank contradiction.
Our Bard, without—I wiſh he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you ſhall hear—
Good Sir! quoth I—and curtſey'd as I ſpoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the ſame thing long.
To-day is fair—they ſtrut, huff, ſwear, harangue:—
To-morrow's foul—they ſneak aſide, and hang.
Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight and die.
Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treaſon:
I would have brought, you ſee, the man to reaſon.
But with ſome folks, 'tis labour loſt to ſtrive:
A reaſoning mule will neither lead nor drive,
He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream,
Cry'd, I muſt preach to you his moral ſcheme.

A ſcheme, forſooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation! *
Lord! talk ſo, here—the man muſt be a widgeon:—
Drury may propagate—but not Religion.
Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
Our Author's ſcheme, though ſtrange, is wholly new:
Well, ſhall the novelty then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs, make him a while your paſſion,
A little while let Virtue be the faſhion:
And, ſpite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. THOMSON's AGAMEMNON. †

WHEN this deciſive night, at length, appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What ſhifts to bribe applauſe, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lye:
Theſe meanly beg it, as an alms; and thoſe,
By boaſtful bluſter dazzle and impoſe.

* The profits ariſing from this play were intended to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propagating Chriſtian Knowledge.

† See the Prologue to Sophoniſba, a joint production of Pope and Mallet's, in the forty-ſixth Volume of this Collection.

Nor

Nor poorly fearful, nor ſecurely vain,
Ours would, by honeſt ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praiſe;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raiſe.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to pleaſe, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inſpiring nature, and directing art;
By ſcenes, ſo wrought, as may applauſe command
More from the judging head, than thundering hand.
Important is the moral we would teach—
Oh may this iſland practiſe what we preach—
Vice in its firſt approach with care to ſhun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link ſo ſtraight,
What firſt was accident, at laſt is fate:
Guilt's hapleſs ſervant ſinks into a ſlave;
And Virtue's laſt ſad ſtrugglings cannot ſave.
" As ſuch our fair attempt, we hope to ſee
" Our judges,—here at leaſt—from influence free:
" One place,—unbias'd yet by party-rage,—
" Where only honour votes—the Britiſh ſtage.
" We aſk for juſtice, for indulgence ſue:
" Our laſt beſt licence muſt proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

ON A LADY, WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

WHY, on this leaſt of little Miſſes,
Did Celia waſte ſo many kiſſes?
Quoth Love, who ſtood behind and ſmil'd,
She kiſs'd the father in the child.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the Muſes have to brag on:
The Player in his own poſt-chaiſe;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimſical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be ſhe cruel, be ſhe kind,
Love! ſtrike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SI-

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee—
'Tis but by way of ſimile—
A ſquirrel ſpend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little Peer,
So buſy and ſo buſtling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And friſking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who ſaid this, and who did that:
With ſimilies, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forſaken;
Advice oft aſk'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every riſing whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—juſt where he firſt begun.

ON

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at ſixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghoſt of the departed man.

ON I. H. Esq.

THE youth had wit himſelf, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though ſcandal was his joy, he would not ſwear:
An oath had made the ladies ſtare,
At them he duly dreſs'd, but without paſſion:
His only miſtreſs was the faſhion.
Her verſe with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His proſe, with ſenſe, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he taſted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

FAIR morn aſcends: ſoft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,

Their

Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly penſive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth;
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot riot would his anguiſh ſteep,

But toſſes through the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the ſun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train;
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolneſs has her ſeat.
There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.

From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoftens ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the ſent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When, iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

CUPID

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE

WEDDING-DAY.

THE riſing morn, ſerenely ſtill,
Had brightening ſpread o'er vale and hill,
Not thoſe looſe beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;
Nor ſuch red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent Summer's feveriſh reign:
But rays, all equal, ſoft and ſober,
To ſuit the ſecond of October;
To ſuit the pair, whoſe wedding-day
This ſun now gilds with annual ray.
Juſt then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four ſhort miles above St. James's,
And deigns, with ſilver-ſtreaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were ſoaring;
While Putney-cits beneath lay ſnoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
On ſums to their dear country lent:
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name;
Though wiſer moderns much diſparage—
I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid firſt, his wit to ſhew,
Aſſuming a mere modern beau,
Whoſe utmoſt aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—juſt as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn—
To tell men, ſunk in ſteep profound,
They muſt, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er ſleep ſound again.
So ſay the wits: but wiſer folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliſs is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever ſours;
Well, be it ſo: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to former rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that ſovereign bliſs, a wife.
Leave theſe at leaſt, theſe ſad dogs free,
To ſtroll with Bacchus and with me;
And ſup, in Middleſex, or Surrey,
On coarſe cold beef, and Fanny Murray.
Thus Cupid—and with ſuch a leer,
You would have ſworn 'twas Ligonier.

While Hymen ſoberly reply'd,
Yet with an air of conſcious pride:
Juſt come from yonder wretched ſcene,
Where all is venal, falſe, and mean,
(Looking on London as he ſpoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor, in ſuch cant, to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-ſea paper;
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With India-bonds, for hearts on ſale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-ſtreet.
But could'ſt thou for a moment quit
Theſe airs of faſhionable wit,
And re-aſſume thy nobler name—
Look that way, where I turn my flame—
He ſaid, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed ſo, ſtill brighter ſhin'd—
Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
And, while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares ſwear that neither feigns.
This morn that bound their mutual vow,
That bleſt them firſt, and bleſſes now,
They grateful hail! and, from the ſoul,
With thouſands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either gueſt,
Embracing, may retire to reſt.
Come then, all raillery laid aſide,
Let this their day ſerenely glide:

With

With mine thy ſerious aim unite,
And both ſome proper gueſts invite;
That not one minute's running ſand
May find their pleaſures at a ſtand.
At this ſevere and ſad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, bluſhing, ſhrug'd and winc'd,
Not yet conſenting, though convinc'd:
For 'tis your witling's greateſt terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own, his error.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, 'twas, perhaps, the ſurer play,
To give your grave good ſouls their way:
That, as true humour was grown ſcarce,
He choſe to ſee a ſober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your ſolemn-looking aſs and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durſt aver it,
Than thoſe jack-puddings, pug and parrot.
He ſaid, and eaſtward ſpread his wing,
From London ſome few friends to bring.
His brother too, with ſober cheer,
For the ſame end did weſtward ſteer:
But firſt, a penſive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypreſs bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:

And bid him, this one day, at leaſt,
For ſuch a pair, at ſuch a feaſt,
Strip off the ſable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
But Hymen, ſpeeding forward ſtill,
Obſerv'd * a man on Richmond-hill,
Who now firſt tries a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
The paſſing god look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in ſocial merit,
With independent taſte and ſpirit;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear ſuch men ſhould laugh at him.
But lo, already on his way,
In due obſervance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but ſeldom cares to ſhine,
And one ſole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private.
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by ſtealth,
His lov'd companions eaſe and health:
Or in his garden, barring out
The noiſe of every neighbouring rout,
At penſive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of time
Now feeds and rears, now ſtarves and ſlaughters,
His vegetable ſons and daughters.

* A. Mitchell, Eſq. Miniſter at the Court of Pruſſia.

While

While theſe are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
Firſt ſeeks and ſends his new Lord Warden *
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden:
Brave as the ſword he wears in fight;
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never miniſter or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
A ſecond ſee! of ſpecial note,
Plump Comus † in a colonel's coat;
Whom we, this day, expect from far,
A jolly firſt-rate man of war;
On whom we boldly dare repoſe.
To meet our friends, or meet our foes.
Or comes a brother in his ſtead?
Strong-body'd too, and ſtrong of head:
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his noſe;
And holds it little leſs than treaſon,
To baulk his ſtomach or his reaſon.
True to his miſtreſs and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.

* The late General Skelton. He had juſt then purchaſed a Houſe in Henrietta-ſtreet.

† The late Col. Caroline Scott; who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much ſkill, ſpirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greateſt gentleneſs of manners as a companion and friend. He died a ſacrifice to the public, in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

Laſt comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himſelf attends, to ſquire her:
A welcome gueſt! we much had miſt her;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his ſiſter.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to ſhear her wool;
No teague of that unbluſhing band,
Juſt landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurſe,
To ſteal an heireſs or a purſe.
No ſcraping, ſaving, ſaucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half-form'd inſect of a Peer,
With neither land nor conſcience clear;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Juſt ſpell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of theſe defend her;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taſte, honour, in a mate,
And much good ſenſe, and ſome eſtate.
But now, ſuppoſe th' aſſembly met,
And round the table cordial ſet;
While in fair order, to their wiſh,
Plain neatneſs ſends up every diſh,
And Pleaſure at the ſide-board ſtands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due meaſure,
As Reaſon wills when join'd with Pleaſure—
Let theſe white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim-allay:

In

In every face let joy be ſeen,
As truth ſincere, as hope ſerene:
Let Friendſhip, Love, and Wit combine,
To flavour both the meat and wine,
With that rich reliſh to each ſenſe,
Which they, and they alone, diſpenſe;
Let Muſic too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and feſtive ſong:
Then, when at eve, the ſtar of love
Glows with ſoft radiance from above,
And each companionable gueſt
Withdraws, repleniſh'd, not oppreſt,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting ſay—
My life be ſuch a wedding-day!

EPIGRAM:

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M,DCC,LX.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Succeſs ſtill follow'd where he ſhone.
And are thoſe triumphs, with the dead,
All from his houſe, for ever fled?
Not ſo: by ſofter ſurer arms,
They yet ſurvive in beauty's charms;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN ODE

IN THE

MASQUE OF ALFRED:

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST HER LOVER IN THE WARS.

A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſt.
The morning bud that faireſt blows,
The vernal oak that ſtraighteſt grows,
His face and ſhape expreſt.

In moving ſounds he told his tale,
Soft as the ſighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with eaſe,
Whom happy Nature taught to pleaſe,
Whom Honour made ſincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed:
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall;
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recall,
No cries awake the dead!

THE

THE

EXCURSION:

A

POEM.

IN

TWO CANTOS.

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CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addreſſed to Fancy. Subject propoſed; a ſhort excurſive ſurvey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a deſcription of the face of Nature in the different ſcenes of morning, ſun-riſe, noon, with a thunder-ſtorm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceaſed.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excurſion, firſt northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deſerts of Tartary—From thence ſouthward: a general proſpect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, ſuppoſe Italy. A city there upon the point of being ſwallowed up by an earthquake: ſigns that uſher it in: deſcribed in its cauſes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the ſame time and from the ſame cauſes, likewiſe deſcribed.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the ſame plan, a ſurvey of the ſolar ſyſtem, and of the fixed ſtars.

This poem is among the author's earlieſt performances. Whether the writing may, in ſome degree, atone for the irregularity of the compoſition, which he confeſſes, and does not even attempt to excuſe, is ſubmitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

THE

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muſe, creative power,
Imagination! at whoſe great command
Ariſe unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who can'ſt at will
People with air-born ſhapes the ſilent wood,
And ſolitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; Oh come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er Earth's extended ſpace: and thence, on high,
Spread to ſuperior Worlds thy bolder flight,
Excurſive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—
To yon expanſe of plains, where Truth delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameleſs Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of ſong, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd on the ground.
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime ſeaſon with their choiceſt ſtores;
Freſh roſes opening to the ſolar ray,
And fruits ſlow-ſwelling on the loaded bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whoſe early throat,

Heard

Heard from the diſtant village in the vale,
Crows chearly out, far-ſounding through the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-ſky,
She rules the ſable hour: and calls her train
Of viſionary fears; the ſhrouded ghoſt,
The dream diſtreſsful, and th' encumbent hag,
That riſe to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reaſon ſlumbering lies. At once they fly,
As ſhadows paſs, nor is their path beheld.
And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From eaſt to north in doubtful twilight ſeen,
A whitening luſtre ſhoots its tender beam;
While ſhade and ſilence yet involve the ball.
Now ſacred Morn, aſcending, ſmiles ſerene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleaſing! lo, ſhe onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure looſe-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The weſtern grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the riſing miſts,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling ſpires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the ſky: th' uncolour'd ſtream,
Beneath her glowing ray, tranſlucent ſhines.
Glad Nature feels her through her boundleſs realms
Of life and ſenſe: and calls forth all her ſweets,
Fragrance and ſong. From each unfolding flower
Tranſpires the balm of life, that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his roſy wing: each bird,

Or

Or high in air, or ſecret in the ſhade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his mattin hymn.
While beaſts of chace, by ſecret inſtinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging int night,
In brake, or cavern, ſlumber out the day.
Invited by the chearful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good Man comes
To taſte her freſhneſs, and improve her riſe
In holy muſing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder ſpeak his ſilent ſoul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praiſe!
Now Induſtry is up. The village pours
Her uſeful ſons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every inſtrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the ſwain,
A rural king amid his ſubject-flocks,
Whoſe bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller, too, purſues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landſcape moves around.
But ſee, the fluſh'd horizon flames intenſe
With vivid red, in rich profuſion ſtream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds aſſume
Their gayeſt liveries; theſe with ſilvery beams
Fring'd lovely, ſplendid thoſe in liquid gold:
And ſpeak their ſovereign's ſtate. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The King of Glory! round his head divine,
Diffuſive ſhowers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-riſing fair

He looks abroad on Nature, and inveſts,
Where-e'er his univerſal eye ſurveys,
Her ample boſom, earth, air, ſea, and ſky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.
From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadeſt ſhade, and terraſs'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering riſe,
Maze above maze, through all its ſhelter'd height;
From hence, th' aërial concave without cloud,
Tranſlucent, and in pureſt azure dreſt;
The boundleſs ſcene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the diſtant deep,
Whoſe ſhores remurmur to the ſounding ſurge;
The neareſt foreſt in wide circuit ſpread,
Solemn receſs, whoſe ſolitary walks,
Fair Truth and Wiſdom love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daiſy'd vale;
The river's cryſtal, and the meadows green —
Grateful diverſity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thouſand charms.
Theſe ſcenes, where every Virtue, every Muſe
Delighted range, ſerene the ſoul, and lift,
Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To higheſt heaven her thought; to Nature's God,
Firſt ſource of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whoſe throne
Sits ſovereign Bounty, and through heaven and earth
Careleſs diffuſes plenitude of bliſs.

Him

Him all things own: he ſpeaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obſcures the world. The ſeaſons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
While reaſon thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infuſing, lend;
And in ſtill whiſpers, ſoft as Zephyr's breath
When ſcarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inſpire new vigour, purer light ſupply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celeſtial intercourſe! ſuperior bliſs,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd ſoul,
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In ſolitude, may I, obſcurely ſafe,
Deceive mankind, and ſteal through life along,
As ſlides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown!
Exalted to his noon the fervent ſun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immenſe, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale ſequeſter'd, or the fir-crown'd ſide
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapſe
Falls many a dew-fed ſtream, invites the ſtep
Of muſing poet, and ſecures repoſe
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppreſſive brightneſs deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire diſeaſe,

Red

Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condenſing, ſhew a ruffling tempeſt nigh.
And ſee, exhaling from th' atlantic ſurge,
Wild world of waters, diſtant clouds aſcend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud;
Then rolling duſk along to eaſt and north,
As the blaſt bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempeſt o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beaſt, impreſs'd by Nature's hand
In homeward warnings through each feeling nerve,
Haſte from the hour of terror and of ſtorm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy ſhrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the ſervants of his nod,
Firſt, in deaf murmurs, ſounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb ſadneſs fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackneſs lours; the tempeſt ſwells,
And expectation ſhakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in duſky depth extend
Broad o'er the ſouth; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempeſt ſwells,
Sulphureous ſteam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous ſoil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in ſlant ſtream, the ruddy flaſh,
Quick-glancing, ſpreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expanſive; ſheets the ſky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all ſides burning; now the face of things
Diſcloſing; ſwallowed now in tenfold night.

Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing burſts! Air, ſea, and ſhore reſound.
Horror ſits ſhuddering in the felon-breaſt,
And feels the deathful flaſh before it flies:
Each ſleeping ſin, excited, ſtarts to view;
And all is ſtorm within. The Murderer, pale
With conſcious guilt, though hid in deepeſt ſhade,
Hears and flies wild, purſued by all his fears:
And ſees the bleeding ſhadow of the Slain
Riſe hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
Hark! through th' aërial vault, the ſtorm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarſely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal inceſſant, burſt on burſt:
Torn from its baſe, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffuſion flaſh'd.
Deſtruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in ſmouldering fires: ſurpriz'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd proſtrate falls,
A livid corſe. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
And in its fartheſt cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had ſped their ſteps, behold!
The parent breathleſs lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and ſpeechleſs round—O Power divine!
Whoſe will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand, though terrible, ſhall man decide
If puniſhment, or mercy, dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at laſt, the tumult of the ſkies
Subſides, the thunder's falling roar is huſh'd:

At once the clouds fly ſcattering, and the ſun
Breaks out with boundleſs ſplendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life reſtores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing miſts
Faſt-riſing to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature ſmiles reviv'd.
At firſt 'tis awful ſilence over all,
From ſenſe of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beaſt and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So paſs the ſongful hours: and now the ſun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the weſtern main,
Whoſe fluctuating boſom, bluſhing red
The ſpace of many ſeas beneath his eye,
Heaves in ſoft ſwellings murmuring to the ſhore,
A circling glory glows around his diſk
Of milder beams: part, ſtreaming o'er the ſky,
Inflame the diſtant azure: part below
In level lines ſhoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleaſing ſhade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or duſk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amuſive, changeful, ſhifting into ſhapes
Of viſionary beauty, antique towers
With ſhadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that riſe and ſink
As ſportful Fancy lifts: till late, the ſun

From

From human eye, behind earth's ſhading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aërial landſcape fades.
Diſtinction fails: and in the darkening weſt,
The laſt light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illuſive flame, oft ſeen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Ariſing awful o'er the eaſtern ſky,
Onward ſhe comes with ſilent ſtep and ſlow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The ſtill, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on heaven.
Muſing, in ſober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through deſert ways I walk;
Or to the cypreſs-grove, at twilight ſhun'd
By paſſing ſwains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs ruſtle round me where I ſtand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a ſhapeleſs rock of duſky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody ſteep
A daſhing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His ſounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and ſparkles through the gloom.
Behind me riſes huge a reverend pile
Sole on his blaſted heath, a place of tombs,
Waſte, deſolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er ſightleſs ſculls, and crumbling bones,
Ghaſtful he ſits, and eyes with ſtedfaſt glare.

(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-ſhook arch, the column grey with moſs,
The leaning wall, the ſculptur'd ſtone defac'd,
Whole monumental flattery, mix'd with duſt,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raiſe.
All is dread ſilence here, and undiſturb'd,
Save what the wind ſighs, and the wailing owl
Screams ſolitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her weſtern ray through yonder iſle,
Where the ſad ſpirit walks with ſhadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight-ſhades! hail, venerable dome!
By age more venerable; ſacred ſhore,
Beyond Time's troubled ſea, where never wave,
Where never wind of paſſion, or of guilt,
Of ſuffering or of ſorrow, ſhall invade
The calm ſound night of thoſe who reſt below.
The weary are at peace: the ſmall and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here ſleeps the priſoner ſafe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppreſſor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the ſons of mourning, fearleſs now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repoſe.
Proud greatneſs, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever loſt!

But, at near diſtance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inſcription: where with head declin'd,

And

And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrſis—'tis he! the wiſeſt and the beſt!
Lamented ſhade! whom every gift of heaven
Profuſely bleſt: all learning was his own.
Pleaſing his ſpeech, by Nature taught to flow,
Perſuaſive ſenſe and ſtrong, ſincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity ſofter, nor was Truth more bright.
Conſtant in doing well, he neither ſought
Nor ſhunn'd applauſe. No baſhful merit ſigh'd
Near him neglected: ſympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to ſmile.
'Tis morning: and the ſun, his welcome light.
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient ſtream,
Caſts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breaſt,
O'er ſea and ſhore, light Fancy ſpeeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excurſive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmoſt realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd ſnows, reſides th' ungenial Power,
For ever ſilent, ſhivering, and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the ſtraits ſurmiz'd
Of Anian eaſtward, where both worlds oppoſe

Their ſhores contiguous, lies the polar ſea,
One glittering waſte of ice, and on the morn
Caſts cold a chearleſs light. Lo, hills of ſnow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, aſcend,
Pil'd up from eldeſt age, and to the ſun
Impenetrable; riſing from afar
In miſty proſpect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, ev'n here, in this diſaſtrous clime,
Horrid and harbourleſs, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirſt of gain,
Through floating iſles of ice and fighting ſtorms,
Roam the wild waves, in ſearch of doubtful ſhores,
By Weſt or Eaſt; a path yet unexplor'd.
Hence eaſtward to the Tartar's cruel coaſt,
By utmoſt ocean waſh'd, on whoſe laſt wave
The blue ſky leans her breaſt, diffus'd immenſe
In ſolitary length the Deſert lies,
Where Deſolation keeps his empty court.
No bloom of ſpring, o'er all the thirſty vaſt,
Nor ſpiry graſs is found; but ſands inſtead
In ſteril hills, and rough rocks riſing grey.
A land of fears! where viſionary forms,
Of grieſly ſpectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them ſpeechleſs horror ſtalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the ſtarleſs duſk,
The ſecret hag and ſorcerer unbleſt
Their ſabbath hold, and potent ſpells compoſe,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that ſevers night from morn,

When

When ſleep has ſilenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heavens with haggard gaze;
Shot ſtreaming from the boſom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and diſtant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering ſky.
From theſe ſad ſcenes, the waſte abodes of death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I ſtray; where Caucaſus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caſpian to the Euxine ſtretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal ſnows to heaven.
From this chill ſteep, which midnight's higheſt ſhades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling ſeas and intermingled iſles;
Her mighty continents out-ſtretch'd immenſe,
Where Europe, Aſia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberleſs extend: and where
To fartheſt point of weſt, Columbus late,
Through untry'd oceans borne to ſhores unknown,
Moor'd his firſt keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world ariſe!
But nearer ſcenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muſe's walk, on which the ſun's bright eye

Propitious looks, invite her willing ſtep.
Here ſee, around me ſmiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidſt,
Laviſh of flowers and fragrance; where ſoft Spring,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live ſpring, and ſheltering grove.
In theſe bleſt plains, a ſpacious city ſpreads
Its round extent magnificent, and ſeems
The ſeat of empire. Dazzling in the ſky,
With far-ſeen blaze her towery ſtructures ſhine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thouſands: Peace and Plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented ſchool
Learning exalts his head: and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thouſand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of laſting bliſs ſecure! Yet all muſt fail,
O'erturn'd and loſt—nor ſhall their place be found.
A ſullen calm unuſual, dark and dead,
Ariſes inauſpicious o'er the heavens.
The beamleſs ſun looks wan; a ſighing cold
Winters the ſhadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give ſign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the boſom of the globe,
Where ſulphur ſtor'd, and nitre peaceful ſlept,
For ages, in their ſubterranean bed,
Ferments th' approaching tempeſt. Vapoury ſtreams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds ſublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled maſs,

Mine

Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundleſs rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, diſploded burſts
Its central priſon—Shook from ſhore to ſhore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, foreſts, cities. The lone deſert quakes:
Her ſavage ſons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf diſtant roarings, through the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Deſpair complains.
Gather'd in air, o'er that proud Capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Caſting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghaſt they ſtand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful ſkies around;
A moment's dreadful ſilence! Then loud ſcreams
And eager ſupplications rend the ſkies.
Lo, crouds on crouds, in hurry'd ſtream along,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burſt in waves, by horror wing'd
To diſtant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulſive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with ſecond agony. Upheav'd
In ſurges, her vext ſurface rolls a ſea.
Ruin enſues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Cruſh'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that univerſal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thouſand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undiſtinguiſh'd wreck!

Sight

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flaſhing pale flames--down through the gulphs profound,
Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyſs deſcend; and o'er their heads
Earth ſhuts her ponderous jaws. Part loſt in night
Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
Borne through the darkneſs of th' infernal world,
Far diſtant riſe, emerging with the flood;
Pale as aſcending ghoſts caſt back to day,
A ſhuddering band! Diſtraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionleſs: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and graſp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now earth's ſolid ſphere aſunder rent
With final diſſolution, the huge maſs
Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extenſive ſeat
Of this fair city, down her buildings ſink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
In one wild havock craſh'd, with burſt beyond
Heaven's loudeſt thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame deſtroy'd!
How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purpoſes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the juſt,
O, ſeemingly ſevere! promiſcuous fall.
Reaſon, whoſe daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, ſubdued

To

To ſilence and amazement, with due praiſe
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wiſeſt, juſteſt, beſt!
The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dreſt, amid the vernal breath
Of roſes, and the ſong of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, ſilent languiſh now and die.
Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A ſandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their ſeat, obſtruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyſs, fly ſecret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul diſeaſe,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man ſore ſickneſs, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminiſh'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unſettling reaſon overturn'd.
Here into madneſs work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled ſea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward ſunk
To folly, and in idle muſing wrapt;
Now chacing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
A while the fiery Spirit in its cell
Inſidious ſlumbers, till ſome chance unknown,
Perhaps ſome rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough colluſion down

Its echoing vault, ſtrikes out the fatal ſpark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all ſides flaſh'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeaſurable ſource, whence ocean fills
His numerous ſeas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanſe,
In dire commotion boils; and burſting way
Up through th' unfounded bottoms of the main.
Where never tempeſt ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the ſky,
With raving violence. And now their ſhores,
Rebellowing to the ſurge, they ſwallow fierce,
O'erſwelling mound and cliff: now ſwift and ſtrange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waſte of ſands—Meantime, behold!
Yon neighbouring Mountain riſing bleak and bare,
Its double top in ſteril aſhes hid,
But green around its baſe with oil and wine,
Gives ſign of ſtorm and deſolation near:
Storehouſe of fate! from whoſe infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, aſcends eternal ſmoke:
Now wavering looſe in air; now borne on high,
A duſky column heightening to the ſun!
Imagination's eye looks down diſmay'd
The ſteepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To ſevenfold fury. Firſt, diſcordant ſounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,

The

The daſh of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Through wintery woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Riſe from the diſtant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of ſmoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In ſtormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls ſurging forth, extinguiſhing the day;
With vollied ſparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of ſtones and cinders rattling up the air.
Inſtant, in one broad burſt, a ſtream of fire,
Red-iſſuing, floods the hemiſphere around.
Nor pauſe, nor reſt; again the mountain groans.
Amazing, from its inmoſt cavern ſhook:
Again, with loudening rage, intenſely fierce,
Diſgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after ſpire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the ſky.
But ſee, in ſecond pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar ſhoots,
Gradual and vaſt, in one aſcending trunk
Of length immenſe, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own baſe direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the ſoaring eagle's ſunward flight.
Still as it ſwells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder ſeen! ten thouſand lightnings play
In flaſh'd vibrations; and from height to height
Inceſſant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the exploſive breath below,
At once the ſhadowy ſummit breaks away
To all ſides round, in billows broad and black,

As

As of a turbid ocean ſtirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.
Thus all day long: and now the beamleſs ſun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pauſe enſues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer ſtorm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd ſhades,
Falls back and boundleſs o'er the ſcene. Suſpenſe
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with ſupplicating hands
And ſtreaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City ſtands; each ſadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears: and hark! once more
The riſing tempeſt ſhakes its ſounding vaults,
Now faint in diſtant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and ſeas; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To ſhake the round of ſome proud capital,
At once diſploded, in one burſting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the ſky,
From eaſt to ſouth, a ruddy hill of ſmoke
Extends its ridge, with diſmal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid Lake that works below,
Bitumen, ſulphur, ſalt, and iron-ſcum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its ſide diſparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-ſtreams,

Each

Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Reſiſtleſs. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their ſweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Roſe fair, where harveſt wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard ſpread her purple ſtore,
Maturing into nectar, now deſpoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing ſea!
Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From ſcene to ſcene excurſive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The ſovereign Maker, firſt, ſupreme, and beſt,
Who actuates the whole: at whoſe command,
Obedient fire and flood tremendous riſe,
His miniſters of vengeance, to reprove,
And ſcourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wiſdom, goodneſs unconfin'd.

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through heaven diſplay'd.
There ſhines the full magnificence unveil'd

Of Majeſty divine: refulgent there
Ten thouſand ſuns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To thoſe bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And ſpreading her unbounded wing, the Muſe
Aſcending ſoars, on through the fluid ſpace,
The buoyant atmoſphere; whoſe vivid breath,
Soul of all ſublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmoſt depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now ſtill,
From pole to pole th' aërial ocean ſleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage
By bluſtering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows riſe,
And ſhake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not obſerv'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal ſphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, tranſlucent, and ſerene.
Glorious expanſion! by th' Almighty ſpread,
Whoſe limits who hath ſeen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the ſun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And viſited the hoſt of heaven around!
Gleaming a borrow'd light, whence how ſmall
The ſpeck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains external: here the lord of day.
The neighbouring ſun, ſhines out in all his ſtrength,

Noon

Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the ſource
Where morning ſprings; whence her innumerous ſtreams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackleſs ways
Their white waves o'er the ſky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I riſe, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immenſe,
A ſhoreleſs ſea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, burſting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible? to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who ſhall tell
That radiance beyond meaſure, on the ſun
Pour'd out tranſcendent! thoſe keen-flaſhing rays
Thrown round his ſtate, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and ſeaſons, life and joy!
Such Virtue He, the Majeſty of Heaven,
Brightneſs original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his ſphere
With matchleſs glory. Yet not all alike
Reſplendent: in theſe liquid regions pure,
Thick miſts, condenſing, darken into ſpots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæſar bled, which ſadden'd all the year
With long eclipſe. Some at the centre riſe

In ſhady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when ſhe her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a ſpace they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all ſides round. Dilated ſome and denſe,
Broad as earth's ſurface each, by ſlow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Uſurping half the ſphere, and ſwim obſcure
On to its adverſe coaſt; till there they ſet,
Or vaniſh ſcatter'd: meaſuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.
  Faireſt of beings! firſt-created light!
Prime cauſe of beauty! for from thee alone,
The ſparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing ſource of ſplendor draw!
In thy pure ſhine, with tranſport I ſurvey
This firmament, and theſe her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: thoſe how vaſt!
How rapid theſe! with ſwiftneſs unconceiv'd,
From weſt to eaſt in ſolemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undiſturb'd; the ſun's bright train,
Progreſſive through the ſky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the firſt,
Near bordering on the day, with ſpeedy wheel
Flies ſwifteſt on, inflaming where he comes,
With ſevenfold ſplendor, all his azure road.
  Next Venus to the weſtward of the ſun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,

Circles

Circles her larger round. Fair morning-ſtar!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The ſeat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whoſe northern hemiſphere, deſcending, ſees
The ſun ariſe; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique ſhe winds
Her annual orb: and by her ſide the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whoſe ſolemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe ſupply
A ſofter day-light; whoſe attractive power
Swells all her ſeas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their ſhores,
Beyond the ſphere of Mars, in diſtant ſkies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly ſtate, the rival of the ſun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
Theſe, in th' horizon, ſlow-aſcending climb
The ſteep of heaven, and, mingling in ſoft flow
Their ſilver radiance, brighten as they riſe.
Thoſe oppoſite roll downward from their noon
To where the ſhade of Jove, outſtretch'd in length
A duſky cone immenſe, darkens the ſky
Through many a region. To theſe bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each ſad orb,
Fading their luſtre; till they ſink involv'd
In total night, and diſappear eclips'd.
By this, the Sage, who, ſtudious of the ſkies,
Heedful explores theſe late-diſcover'd worlds,

By this obſerv'd, the rapid progreſs finds
Of light itſelf: how ſwift the headlong ray
Shoots from the ſun's height through unbounded ſpace,
At once enlightening air, and earth, and heaven.
Laſt, outmoſt Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering thro' the darkneſs night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:
An endleſs deſart, where extreme of cold
Eternal ſits, as in his native ſeat,
On wintery hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the ſight,
Amid theſe doleful ſcenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each ſide riſing from th' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompaſſeth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad ſhade, caſt on its eaſtern arch,
Climbs ſlowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like ſtealthy pace
Draws weſtward off; till through the lucid round,
In diſtant view th' illumin'd ſkies are ſeen.
Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar faſhion'd.—Thine theſe noble works,
Great, univerſal Ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, ſpontaneous offſpring of thy will,
Seen with tranſcendent raviſhment ſublime,
That lifts the ſoul to thee! a holy joy,
By reaſon prompted, and by reaſon ſwell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!

Thy

Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at firſt thy hand
Diffus'd through endleſs ſpace this limpid ſky,
Vaſt ocean without ſtorm, where theſe huge globes
Sail undiſturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Obſervant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this ſole rule,
The Maker's great eſtabliſhment, theſe worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central ſun
All gravitating: now with quicken'ſt pace
Deſcending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding ſlow, excurſive from his bounds.
This ſpring of motion. this hid power infus'd
Through univerſal nature, firſt was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's juſteſt pride,
The boaſt of human race; whoſe towering thought,
In her amazing progreſs unconfin'd,
From truth to truth aſcending, gain'd the height
Of ſcience, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up aſtoniſh'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality ſet free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous ſcenes, new-open'd in the world
Inviſible, amid the general quire
Of ſaints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and raviſhes the ſoul!
His mind's clear viſion from all darkneſs purg'd,
For God himſelf ſhines forth immediate there,
Through thoſe eternal climes, the frame of things,

In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—
But how ſhall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endleſs of extent!
Where unknown ſuns to unknown ſyſtems riſe,
Whoſe numbers who ſhall tell? ſtupendous hoſt!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond ſun, and world to world unſeen,
Meaſureleſs diſtance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his ſurrounding ſtars, whoſe whirling ſpeed,
Solemn and ſilent, through the pathleſs void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, their ways,
By reaſon, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Inſtructed can declare! What ſearch ſhall find
Their times and ſeaſons! their appointed laws,
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from ſcale to ſcale
Harmonious riſing and in fix'd degree;
Numberleſs orders, each reſembling each,
Yet all diverſe!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wiſdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpreſſible, and ſtill preſerves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou, ſupreme,
Firſt, Independent Cauſe, whoſe preſence fills
Nature's vaſt circle, and whoſe pleaſure moves,
Father of human kind! the Muſe's wing
Suſtaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vaſt of ſpace,

She riſes, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The ſeat of mankind, earth? where her great ſcenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Aſſyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late diſclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pauſe,
And ſicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds—With earth, thoſe nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late ſo glorious ſeen,
And each a world, are now for ſight too ſmall;
Are almoſt loſt to thought. The ſun himſelf,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering ſtar amid the train of night!
While in theſe deep abyſſes of the ſky,
Spaces incomprehenſible, new ſuns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illuſtrious ſhine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern hoſt: nor with leſs ſtate,
At ſumleſs diſtance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his ſphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the ſouth of heaven.
Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whoſe ſtream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from ſun to ſun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Diſtinguiſh'd tract! But as with upward flight,
Soaring, I gain th' immenſurable ſteep,

Contiguous ſtars, in bright profuſion ſown
Through theſe wide fields, all broaden into ſuns,
Amazing, ſever'd each by gulphs of air,
In circuit ample as the ſolar heavens.
From this dread eminence, where endleſs day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I ſurvey
Now downward through the univerſal ſphere
Already paſt; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging proſpect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders riſe
In long ſucceſſion; here pure ſcenes of light,
Dazzling the view; here nameleſs worlds afar,
Yet undiſcover'd: there a dying ſun,
Grown dim with age, whoſe orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury miſts,
From every ſhore exhaling, mix obſcure
Innumerable clouds, diſpreading ſlow,
And deepening ſhade on ſhade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aſpect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror ſee, from diſtant ſpheres around,
The ſource of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlaſting night!
Such this dread revolution: heaven itſelf,
Subject to change, ſo feels the waſte of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, ſhall fade; and empty night
Reign ſolitary, where theſe ſtars now roll
From weſt to eaſt their periods: where the train
Of

Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excurſion, through th' immenſe
Of æther, traverſing from ſky to ſky
Ten thouſand regions in their winding road,
Whoſe length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without reſiſtance all
Through theſe free ſpaces borne: of various face;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in ſanguine ſhowers:
That, through the ſhade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a ſpire of duſky flame,
Embody'd miſts and vapours, whoſe fir'd maſs
Keen vibrates, ſtreaming a red length of air.
While diſtant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progreſs watch, as of a foe
Whoſe march is ever fatal; in whoſe train
Famine, and war, and deſolating plague,
Each on his pale horſe rides; the miniſters
Of angry heaven, to ſcourge offending worlds!
But lo! where one, from ſome far world return'd,
Shines out with ſudden glare through yonder ſky,
Region of darkneſs, where a ſun's loſt globe,
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguiſh'd lies.
By ſome hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that duſk tract,
The devious comet, ſteep deſcending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhauſted orb: and ſwift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffuſive through the gloom, and ſpreads

In

In orient ſtreams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In ſtill amazement loſt, th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a ſun reſtor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges theſe untrac'd ſcenes, progreſſive borne
Far through æthereal groun d, the boundleſs walk
Of ſpirits, daily travellers from heaven;
Who paſs the myſtic gulph to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praiſe.
Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightneſs round,
Empyreal, from the ſou rce of light effus'd,
More orient than the n oon-day's ſtainleſs beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whoſe object God alone: for all things elſe,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illuſive all, can charm the ſoul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without ſpot,
Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endleſs proſpect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual ſcale
Deſcending, ſumleſs orders and d egrees;
Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how theſe heavens firſt ſprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd

In number, weight, and meaſure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: ſome his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, peſtilence and war:
His copious goodneſs ſome, life, light, and bliſs,
To thouſands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commiſſion'd, ſheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.
Nor is the ſovereign, nor th' illuſtrious great,
Alone their care. To every leſſening rank
Of worth propitious, theſe bleſt minds embrace
With univerſal love the juſt and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depreſt by fortune, and with hate purſued,
Or inſult from the proud oppreſſor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's faireſt face,
Calmly magnificent, inſpires the ſoul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forſake
The ſin-born vanities, and low purſuits,
That buſy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekneſs and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to ſurvey
The circuit of creation, all theſe ſuns
With all their worlds: and ſtill from height to height,
By things created riſing, laſt aſcend

To

To that Firſt Cauſe, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, ſelf-exiſtent power,
All-wiſe, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immenſity of ſpace;
That infinite diffuſion, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undiſtinguiſh'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

AMYN.

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

P

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PREFACE.

THE following poem was originally intended for the ſtage, and planned out, ſeveral years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it neceſſary to change his firſt deſign, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reaſons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, thoſe reaſons were invincibly ſtrong.

As the ſcene of the piece is laid in the moſt remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or weſtern iſles that ſurround one part of Great-Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatiſe publiſhed near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himſelf been upon the ſpot, deſcribes at length the ſituation, extent, and produce of that ſolitary iſland; ſketches out the natural hiſtory of the birds of ſeaſon that tranſmigrate thither annually, and relates the ſingular cuſtoms that ſtill prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the moſt uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the leaſt unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient hiſtorian ſays of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: "plus valuit apud Hos "ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia "philoſophorum præcepta."

They

They live together, as in the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, ſo in the moſt inviolable harmony and union of ſentiments. They have neither ſilver nor gold; but barter among themſelves for the few neceſſaries they may reciprocally want. To ſtrangers they are extremely hoſpitable, and no leſs charitable to their own poor; for whoſe relief each family in the iſland contributes its ſhare monthly, and at every feſtival ſends them beſides a portion of mutton or beef. Both ſexes have a genius to poetry; and compoſe not only ſongs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of thoſe iſlanders, having been prevailed with to viſit the greateſt trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely aſtoniſhed at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for ſuch he reckoned the larger iſles, by which they ſailed. He would not venture himſelf into the ſtreets of that city without being led by the hand. At ſight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but inſiſted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were ot hers ſtill higher. However the caverns formed in it, ſo he named the pillars and arches on which it is raiſed, were hollowed, he ſaid, more commodiouſly than any he had ever ſeen there. At the ſhake occaſioned in the ſteeple, and the horrible din that ſounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmoſt conſternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him, He thought the perſons who wore maſks, not diſtinguiſhing whether they were men or women, had been

been guilty of ſome ill thing, for which they did not dare to ſhew their faces. The beauty and ſtatelineſs of the trees which he ſaw then for the firſt time, as in his own iſland there grows not a ſhrub, equally ſurprized and delighted him: but he obſerved, with a kind of terror, that as he paſſed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been perſuaded to drink a pretty large doſe of ſtrong waters; and upon finding himſelf drowſy after it, and ready to fall into a ſlumber, which he fancied was to be his laſt, he expreſſed to his companions the great ſatisfaction he felt in ſo eaſy a paſſage out of this world: for, ſaid he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among ſuch ſort of men it was that Aurelius ſought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the ſecond: when thoſe who governed Scotland under him, with no leſs cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country deſperate; and then plundered, impriſoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of ſuch deſpair. The beſt and worthieſt men were oft the objects of their moſt unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or ſeditious, they affected to herd, and of courſe perſecuted, whoever wiſhed well to his country, or ventured to ſtand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, ſigned by King Charles himſelf, for military execution upon them without proceſs or conviction: and I know that the original is ſtill kept in the ſecretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it neceſſary

to ſay, that the reader may not be miſled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the ſecond canto, as drawn from the wantonneſs of imagination, when it hardly ariſes to ſtrict hiſtorical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foreſee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and conſiſtent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expreſſing them. If he has ſucceeded in theſe points, but above all in effectually touching the paſſions, which, as it is the genuine province, ſo is it the great triumph, of poetry; the candor of his more diſcerning readers will readily overlook miſtakes or failures in things of leſs importance.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whoſe pain, or pleaſure, ſprings from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compaſſion kind,
That, in ſweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for ſad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wiſh to heaven preferr'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune ſhall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondneſs mine.
So, through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up, and Friendſhip cloſe our day:
Till, ſummon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One ſigh ſhall end us, and one earth receive.

AMYN-

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé eaſt, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt Kilda lifts;
Laſt of the ſea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic ſkies; yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh to deprave, each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue bleſt!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.
Where Luxury, ſoft ſyren, who around
To thouſand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane, that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content

That lives to reaſon; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: theſe, the powers that rule
This little world, to all its ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew Vigor's pliant ſpring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumbers ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of ocean's raging ſound. But laſt and beſt,
What Avarice, what Ambition ſhall not know,
True liberty is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.
Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muſe! O whether from the depth
Of evening foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,

Thy

Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.
Here, good Aurelius—and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the ſlow remains of ſetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm, his murmur'd moan,
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom Love firſt choſe, whom Reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſofter friend;
With one fair daughter, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceleſs left
Within a tyrant's graſp! his foe profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs!—Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to ſwell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh; ſtretch'd along

The naked beach; or ſhivering on the cliſt,
Smote with the wintery pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow, and ſhower, dark-drifting round his head.
Such were his hours; till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each ſullen ſpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd, A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding ſlow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now Reaſon firſt,
Her throne reſuming, bid Devotion raiſe
To heaven his eye; and through the turbid miſt,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cauſe ſupreme,
All-juſt, all-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſun-ſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.
Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the fellneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,

In

In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm and ſhall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a ſigh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt; 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child muſt feel,
Still ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.
The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and in each pleaſing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the bloſſom glows
With florid light, his faireſt month array'd:
While Zephyre, while the ſilver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, and ſhed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's ſpicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſiate every breeze,

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwiſe named "argatilis "ſylvaticus," is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 180.

But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
Its vernal force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's ſummons their aëreal ſtate
Annual to found; and in bold voyage ſteer,
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore:
By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole through boundleſs ſpace diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport,
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,

Fenc'd

enc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
ith every wind to waft large commerce on,
bin pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
nd link in bonds of intercourſe and love
arth univerſal family. Now roſe
weet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendor undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aëreal landſcape. Here, alone
On earth's remoteſt verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he hung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintery pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-pye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his neſt
The Fulmar ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round*. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhivery ſwept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous roſe,

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Thick,

Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius ſtood appall'd:
His ſtunn'd ear ſmote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon laſt wave
Blends with the ſky its foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim, till, onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken
Its courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And, lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy Genius of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,

Turbid

Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackeſt pinion, pour its loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends—
Ah! ſave them, heaven! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath its torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. Aurelius wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in ſighs: Thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events!
But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.
Not diſtant far, where this receding bay*
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd maſſy-proof,

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Of

Of ſome unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof ſpread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in penſive thought Aurelius paſt,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd ſhrill, he ſtopt, he rais'd his head;
And ſaw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All-motionleſs on earth
He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpread,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtlineſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave: and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtem'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by Nature's nobleſt hand;
Where bold proportion, and where ſoftening grace,
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius, from the breathleſs clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd but not quench'd,
He bid tranſport it ſpeedy through the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely ſtood and low,

Safe

Safe from the north beneath a ſloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic ſmells:
Then, drops of ſovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhuddering he awakes:
While life, to ſcarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulſe, and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke—Down, down with every ſail.
Mercy, ſweet heaven!—Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads—My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part—Help help! yon wave, behold!
That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O, for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone—loſt—for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pauſe enſued,

Mute,

Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade
The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.
Then thus at laſt: O from devouring ſeas,
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd, can yet diſcern the Hand
All-wonderful, that through yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling weſt of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That Hand divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice,
Then bade deſtruction ſpare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy ſav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,
Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need.
Such praiſe delights him moſt—
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream!
Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways

Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſoothe the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy labouring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reaſon's paths, to happineſs and heaven.
The hermit thus: and, after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the Man unknown.
What have I heard?—On this untravel'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd
Is loſt in wonder—But, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe
Deſcending ſhade—O, ſon of this wild world!
From ſocial converſe though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
O ſay, did e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,

Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven conſenting to thy wiſh indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth—
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my deſpair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies loſt and bury'd there—O, awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Can'ſt tell what I have loſt—O, ill-ſtarr'd maid!
O, moſt undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice ſuppreſs'd:
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in Nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat hopeleſs love.

Amyntor

Amyntor, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!
Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
Its ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When reaſon and when fondneſs o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can reſign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
Its brow obſcures, her gracefulneſs of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each enobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then ſhalt thou hear
From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
Amid its own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious wing from heaven

Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſion into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſions; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares:
And to us both be friendly as we need.

CANTO II.

NOW midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unſleeping iſle,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
Borne through the gloom, his ſhrieking ſenſe appall'd,
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by every wave,
Again pale memory labours in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now, another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, through every power
The ſoul ſubdued ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe:
And all her darkening ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pain
Not long to laſt: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reaſon ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhews. And lo! the deeps
In

In airy tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming ſeas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void,
Dumb ſilence broods. Through heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
O, turn! O, ſtay thy flight!—ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd;
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought

Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To frenzy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore, with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:
Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's voice
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Though paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,
To which himſelf had borne th' unhappy Fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to ſhed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rolling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As ſlow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,

Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening ſkies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thouſand landſcapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with founding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that Temperance ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin-ſong,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt:
Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
First drew his ſplendor; Source of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O, Firſt and Beſt!
Thy eſſence, though from human ſight and ſearch,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coëval with the ſun,

And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the ſame.
Hail, univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Through earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of Nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads, to follow and be bleſt.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Through this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear.
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.
This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep
He lightly ſcal'd: ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exerciſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can through age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,

Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began.
O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear; Whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That Fancy, tranc'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;
Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that chears; there, on the damp earth ſpread,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn
To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
Its tender anguiſh—
Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony,
I yet would bleſs my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the ſun is loſt:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, ſainted maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful ſkies,

If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs: that I—O grief ſupreme!
O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
For ſuch a taſk?—that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!
  Such, and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth;
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it ſeems, to balance and to bear.
  In me, a man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honour ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe, or in honeſt act,
Drew fair diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd

Our

Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the ſame!
At laſt, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that ſtill
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with ſhame!
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O ſovereign Reaſon! all deriv'd
From Power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himſelf obſerv'd,
The God preſcribes whoſe ſanction kings pretend!
O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyſelf reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!
Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuſe;
Be far th' bitterneſs of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Maſks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,

Fair Freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.
But if, diſclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns—to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, Amyntor, does juſt heaven enjoin
That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
Engulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintery hill, or waſte untravel'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
In this wide ruin were my fortune ſunk:
Myſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,

Un-

Unſummon'd, unimpleaded was to death,
To ſhameful death adjudg'd; againſt my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge: a foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Leſt thy rous'd thunder burſt—for what was deem'd
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tigers on their prey,
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury ſcape;
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in waſteful flames:
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baneful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waſte behind, deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O heaven! do I,

A man,

A man, ſurvive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſaw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt, that beſt of wives!
Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there,
And nature bleed—Ah! let not buſy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
Diſcovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to deſperation ſink
My hopes in heaven. He ſaid: but O ſad Muſe!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confuſion! horror!—that moſt wrong'd of men!
And, O moſt wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora—At theſe words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his ſtiffening limbs

In ſudden marble bound: ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſign to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Through all their powers, ſuſpended, and ſubdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace—
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks—on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt,
As from ſome viſion that to frenzy fires
The ſleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus
My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point.—His lifted arm,
Aurelius, though with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſhook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke.
O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,

Re-

Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting—But ſay on.
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me aſk no more—
What would I aſk? My Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then ſinn'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace—But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myſelf admit
Its wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both,
For both his providence be ever bleſt!
By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, ſlow recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Graſp'd cloſe, and bore with ardour to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Through ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now roſe to meet, now ſhunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him: till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faultering ſpoke:
What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
Miſtaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.

I am—Aurelius! turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorrent ſay, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond,
Rolando's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his—
Rolando's ſon? Juſt heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one ſtroke to reach
The father's heart, though ſeas are ſpread between,
Were great revenge!—Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he ſpoke;
And his own poniard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held. But, as the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, Amyntor ſeem'd to court,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gathering round
The natives ſtood; whom kindneſs hither drew,
The man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
Montano, venerable ſage, whoſe head
The hand of time with twenty winters' ſnow
Had ſhower'd; and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſclos'd. Him, after pauſe,

Aurelius

Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's ſouthern hills their ſummit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazzling ſtream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around its rocks to graze: * for, ſtrange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 156.

To

To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labour and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate iſle:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By Nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye—
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of Him,
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.
As reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſeren'd,
And through the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it chears; behold from far
Amyntor ſlow-approaching! on his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow had diffus'd

Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,
Majeſtic in diſtreſs, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs, Strait, before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's ſtory: then, as juſtice ſees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by Nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madneſs how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let looſe in Mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whoſe law is meekneſs; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging, though ſincere,
Rolando caught the ſpread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd

His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet ſuſtain'd
By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs pair
Their threatening fate, impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd, unſhrinking, unſubdued
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude reſign'd,
Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.
But how proceed, Aurelius? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of aſſuaſive power,
My further ſtory clothe? O could I ſteal
From Harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or Zephyre's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid blandiſhment his evening-lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret through his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,
What firſt was ow'd humanity to *both*,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for *one*:
My ſole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that ſoft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of eaſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From its unfailing ſource! and then too ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by diſtreſs.
O ſweetneſs without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to Virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,
The breaſt expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain its ſting, its bitterneſs from woe!
By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd

To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen, but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
Is flattering brightneſs! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And Love, if wild Deſire, of Fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not, Love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd
To tranſient goodneſs. But my thought ſhrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd thought
Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe,
Love, Pity, Kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
That Bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd: who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unſeen, now deep through all her powers
Its poiſon ſpread, and kill'd their vital growth.

Sickening, ſhe ſunk beneath this double weight
Of ſhame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius, O moſt injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exaſperating, add
To woe, new anguiſh? and to grief, deſpair—
She is no more—
O Providence ſevere!
Aurelius ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the Will ſupreme,
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though aſſail'd,
Eſcap'd his lips. What! ſhall we from heaven's grace
With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare
Of ill refuſe? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd
By Love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond Complaint
Arreſt the wing of Time? Can Grief command
This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
Of that unſounded deep the bury'd corſe
To light and life reſtore? Bleſt pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt,
And ſorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee ſon (for O that name

Thy

Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus ſpoke: Amyntor thus his ſtory cloſ'd.
As dumb with anguiſh round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine ſhe faintly rais'd
Her cloſing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—O ſave my child!
She ſaid; and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I ſaw her ſhrouded; bade eternal peace
Her ſhade receive, and, with the trueſt tears,
Affection ever wept, her duſt bedew'd.
What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that ſcene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When ſhade and ſilence o'er this nether orb
With drowſieſt influence reign, the waining moon
Aſcending mournful in the midnight ſphere;
On that drear ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
Emilia ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With ſacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, ſadly-ſolemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
Acroſs her parent's grave. By this dread ſcene!
By night's pale regent! By yon glorious train

Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by her's, at whoſe nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
To where, ſafe-ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We ſail'd—But, O my father; can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
Its uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt fair!
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone preferr'd; as on my arm,
Expiring, ſinking with her fears ſhe hung!
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of proffer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this precious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!

My

My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it muſt be ſo! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor ſav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting?
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms outſpread, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.
The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſteam
From ocean's boſom his light vapour's drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their veil diffuſive ſpread; the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Roll'd ſounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject iſle
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels;

Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, ſighing, thus began.
Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,
Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primroſe-lap,
From hence due eaſt. Amyntor look'd, and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where thrice three females, earneſt each and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. Theſe the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. Thoſe, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd its freſh lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' encumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilſome taſk.
Behold! Aurelius thus his ſpeech renew'd,
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,

The

The huſbands of thoſe widow'd mates, who now
For both muſt labour, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their iſland-ſkiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſnare, whoſe foodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Up-ſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears,
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the ſurging-tide, and broken oars,
To ſight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before ſurmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint,
Through theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding ſhore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpread, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze—till from yon leſſer iſle,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the ſoaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts—at laſt from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs ſky,

Our eyes, yet unbelieving, ſaw diſtinct,
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught ſkill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare*.
Amyntor, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathizing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep,
Wrapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and chears
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt

* The author who relates this ſtory adds, that the produce of grain that ſeaſon was the moſt plentiful they had ſeen for many years before. Vide Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 286.

A pomp

A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, Amyntor paſs'd
Regardleſs on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale Fancy rais'd
Inceſſant to herſelf, and fabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock its ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as ſeem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe.
Then, ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a penſive maid;
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh, all ye powers!
Amyntor ſtarting, cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illuſion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and ſee!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The ſpirits who this ocean waſte and wild

Still

Still hover round, or walk theſe iſles unſeen,
Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
The dead or abſent, have on yon ſhape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
Embody'd featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze tranſported—Ha! ſhe faints, ſhe falls!
He ran, he flew: his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight—O earth, and air, and ſea!
'Tis ſhe! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whoſe goodneſs knows no bounds, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, through ſhivering joy and doubt,
The tear faſt-falling ſtream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wiſhes! ſav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
The living ſtream. Thou dearer to my ſoul
Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, through exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beam ſerene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments

Moments of dread ſuſpenſe—but ſoon to ceaſe!
For now, while on her face theſe men unknown
The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the ſkiff! whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon iſle, yon round of moſs-clad hills,
Borea nam'd, before the tempeſt borne,
Theſe iſlanders, thrice three, then priſon'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmoſt peril run,
With toil invincible, from ſhelve and rock
Their boat preſerv'd, and to this happy coaſt
Its prow directed ſafe—He heard no more:
The reſt already known, his every ſenſe,
His full collected ſoul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while theſe ſounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.
Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My ſoul's deſpair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do theſe arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye ſhores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet truſt my ſenſe?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confeſs their living lord! What ſhall I ſay?
How vent the boundleſs tranſport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliſs,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death

The breaſt they charm?—Amyntor, O ſupport
This ſwimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cauſe thy heart
A ſecond pang. At this, dilated high
The ſwell of joy, moſt fatal where its force
Is felt moſt exquiſite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With ſheltering wing, ſolicitouſly good,
The guardian-genius hovers, ſo the youth,
On her lov'd face, aſſiduous and alarm'd,
In ſilent fondneſs dwelt: while all his ſoul,
With trembling tenderneſs of hope and fear
Pleaſingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rouz'd emotions warring in her breaſt,
Attempering, to compoſe, and gradual fit
For further joy her ſoft impreſſive frame.
O happy! though as yet thou know'ſt not half
The bliſs that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
Whoſe ſigh is pity, and whoſe ſmile is love,
For all who joy or ſorrow, arm thy breaſt
With that beſt temperance, which from fond exceſs,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—ſafe refug'd in this iſle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb,
Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whoſe reverend ſteps
The mountain's ſide deſcend!—Abrupt from his
Her hand ſhe drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the ſpace between. He ſaw, he knew,

Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.
My father! — O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more. The reſt ecſtatic ſilence ſpoke,
And Nature from her inmoſt ſeat of ſenſe
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bleſt ſcene,
Where emulous in either boſom ſtrove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with ſoftening aſpect ſeem'd to ſmile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this bliſsful hour: the joy,
With inſtant flow, from ſhore to ſhore along
Diffuſive ran; and all th' exulting iſle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long loſt, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain boſom Love and Nature wept:
While each a ſire, a huſband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiſs'd.
Now, while the ſong,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Beſt harmony, they grateful ſouls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
(Whoſe eye prophetic far through time's abyſs
Could ſhoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their cauſes hid,
Illumin'd ſee) a ſpace abſtracted ſtood:
His frame with ſhivery horror ſtirr'd, his eyes
From outward viſion held, and all the man

Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding ſcene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror ſeen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental ſight.
They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaſt!
With tempeſt delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning roſy round
A purer morning lights up all her ſkies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious ſeas,
White with the ſails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating foreſt, ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore!
See! with ſpread wings Britannia's genius flies,
Before his prow; commands the ſpeeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown,
Bleſt emblem, peace with liberty reſtor'd!
And hark! from either ſtrand, which nations hide,
To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that ſacred ſun
Shalt live to hail; ſhalt warm thee in his ſhine!
I ſee thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a ſmiling race
From this bleſt pair to ſpring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondneſs, in ſoft league ſhall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy laſt day to ſweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown.

TO

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*.

YOUR Grace has given leave, that theſe few Poems ſhould appear in the world under the patronage of your name. But this leave would have been refuſed, I know, had you expected to find your own praiſes, however juſt, in any part of the preſent addreſs, I do not ſay it, my Lord, in the ſtile of compliment. Genuine modeſty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be ſurely diſtinguiſhed from the affectation of it: as ſurely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring, which is uſed, in vain, to ſupply what Nature had denied, or has reſumed.

Yet, permit me juſt to hint, my Lord, while I reſtrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the faireſt public character muſt be raiſed upon private virtue, as ſurely it muſt, your Grace has laid already the ſecureſt foundation of the former, in the latter. The eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you: and, from what you are known to have done, in one way, they reaſonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man, in the other.

The Author of theſe lighter amuſements hopes ſoon to preſent your Grace with ſomething more ſolid, more deſerving your attention, in the life of the firſt Duke of Marlborough†.

* This dedication was prefixed by the author to a ſmall collection of his poems, publiſhed in 1762. N.

† A work which has not yet appeared. N.

You will then ſee, that ſuperior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negociation: and that the ſame extenſive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous ſcenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal ſkill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps leſs frequently found, the friend and patron of thoſe uſeful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human ſociety rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is reſpectfully the wiſh of

YOUR GRACE'S

moſt obedient

humble ſervant.

TRUTH

IN

RHYME:

ADDRESSED TO

A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

" It has no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
" It is all beauty, or in blindneſs I."

Imprimatur,

meo periculo,

CHESTERFIELD.

TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following extract from his Majeſty's Speech to both Houſes of Parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the nobleſt introduction to a Poem of the firſt merit, is peculiarly ſuitable to introduce this. However unequal theſe verſes may be to the ſubject they attempt to adorn, this ſingular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the ſame time, be the fulleſt and beſt explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme ſo intereſting and uncommon. The words are theſe:

MARCH 3, 1761.

*** In conſequence of the act paſſed in the reign of my late glorious predeceſſor, King William the Third, for ſettling the ſucceſſion to the Crown in my Family, the commiſſions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour. But notwithſtanding that wiſe proviſion, their offices have determined upon the demiſe of the Crown, or at the expiration of ſix months afterwards, in every inſtance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightneſs of the Judges of the land as eſſential to the impartial admi-

niſtration of Juſtice; as one of the beſt ſecurities of the rights and liberties of my loving ſubjects; and as moſt conducive to the honour of the Crown. And I come now to recommend this intereſting object to the conſideration of Parliament; in order that ſuch farther proviſion, as ſhall be moſt expedient, may be made, *for ſecuring the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithſtanding any ſuch demiſe.*

ASTREA, eldeſt born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was ſent, while man deſerv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till ſick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native ſky ſhe flew.
There, ſtation'd in the Virgin-ſign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to ſhine;
Or if, at times, ſhe deigns a ſmile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd iſle.
For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleaſure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The Patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues moſt reſort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him ſeated on a throne!

What

What fables paint, what poets ſing,
She found in fact—a Patriot-king!
But as a ſight, ſo nobly new,
Deſerv'd, ſhe thought, a nearer view;
To where, by ſilver-ſtreaming Thames,
Aſcends the palace of St. James,
Swift through ſurrounding ſhades of night,
The goddeſs ſhot her beamy flight.
She ſtopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In ſweet repoſe: o'er all his face,
Repoſe ſhed ſofter bloom and grace!
But fearful leſt her ſun-bright glare
Too ſoon might wake him into care,
(For ſplendid toils and weary ſtate
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The ſtream of circling rays to ſhroud,
She drew an interpoſing cloud.
In all the ſilence of ſurprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She ſaw ariſe,
For gods can read the human breaſt,
Her own ideas there impreſt!
And that his plan, to bleſs mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May ſtory's whiteſt page adorn,
May ſhine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbania to her aid.
At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Deſcending quits her laurel'd grove:

Looſe

Looſe to the gale her azure robe;
Borne, in her left, a ſtarry globe,
Where each ſuperior ſon of fame
Will find inſcribed his deathleſs name,
Her right ſuſtains th' immortal lyre,
To praiſe due merit, or inſpire.
Behold—Aſtrea thus began—
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reaſon ſee, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the ſoul of truth!
With love of juſtice, tender ſenſe
For ſuffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On this bleſt maxim, wiſe and plain—
Though plain, how ſeldom underſtood!
That, to be great, he muſt be good.
His breaſt is open to your eye;
Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
This boſom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our ſearch abide.
The ſacred fountains to ſecure
Of juſtice, undiſturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to ſtain their courſe;
That theſe may flow ſerene and free,
The law muſt independent be:
Her miniſters, as in my ſight,
And mine alone, diſpenſing right;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour, juſt, as truth, ſincere.

With

With temper, firm, with ſpirit, ſage,
The Mansfields of each future age.
And this prime bleſſing is to ſpring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial truſt,
His greatneſs founds in being juſt;
Prepares, like yon aſcending ſun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bleſs the world he lights and chears!
Such worth with equal voice to ſing,
Urania, ſtrike thy boldeſt ſtring;
And truth, whoſe voice alone is praiſe,
That here inſpires, ſhall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With ſounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.
She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With ſoft ſurprize, his form ſurvey'd.
She ſaw what chaſtity of thought,
Within his ſtainleſs boſom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her ſober eye,
And, pauſing, offer'd this reply.
Nor pomp of ſong, nor paint of art,
Such truths ſhould to the world impart.
My taſk is but, in ſimple verſe,
Theſe promis'd wonders to rehearſe:
And when on theſe our verſe we raiſe,
The plaineſt is the nobleſt praiſe.

Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would ſuch a prince permit my ſtrains?
Deſerving, but ſtill ſhunning fame,
The homage due he might diſclaim.
A prince, who rules, to ſave, mankind,
His praiſe would, in their virtue, find;
Would deem their ſtrict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his beſt applauſe.
Then, Britons, your juſt tribute bring,
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party-rage.
On his example ſafely reſt;
He calls, he courts you to be bleſt;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of juſt and right.
My part is laſt; if Britain yet
A lover boaſts of truth and wit,
To him theſe grateful lays to ſend,
The Monarch's and the Muſe's friend;
And whoſe fair name, in ſacred rhymes,
My voice may give to lateſt times.
She ſaid; and, after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a ſcore,
To ſtrike at once all ſcandal mute,
The goddeſs found, and fix'd on BUTE.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we ſhall be wiſer,
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiſer,
Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It ſurely muſt abuſe the great;
Perhaps the king; — without diſpute
'Twill fall moſt deviliſh hard on Bute.
Thrice he reviews his parting ſhilling,
At laſt reſolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither ſenſe, nor ſatyr—
Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows! — to pretend to print!
Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To ſtop in their deſtructive courſe,
Domeſtic frenzy, foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party ceaſe,
And bleſs the weary'd world with peace.

The times in which is ſeen, ſtrange ſight!
A court both virtuous and polite,
Where merit beſt can recommend
And ſcience finds a conſtant friend.
How then ſhould ſatyr dare to ſport,
With ſuch a king, and ſuch a court,
While Truth looks on with rigid eye,
And tells her, every line 's a lye?

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, M,DCC,LX.

APOLLO lately ſent to know,
If he had any ſons below:
For, by the traſh he long had ſeen
In male and female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race muſt be extinct, he thought.
His meſſenger to court repairs;
Walks ſoftly with the croud up ſtairs:
But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers ſneer'd, both young and old.
Auguſtus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His

His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew faſhionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, ſtrumpets, rakes,
Talk much of commerce, whiſt, and ſtakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
But not one word of Verſe or Bard.
The ſtage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true ſons were wont to reign,
His courier now paſt frowning by:
Ye modern Durfeys, tell us why.
Slow, to the city laſt he went:
There, all was proſe, of cent per cent.
There, alley-omnium, ſcript, and bonus,
(Latin, for which a Muſe would ſtone us,
Yet honeſt Gideon's claſſic ſtile)
Made our poor Nuncio ſtare and ſmile.
And now the clock had ſtruck eleven:
The meſſenger muſt back to heaven;
But, juſt as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queen-Square, the North-eaſt ſide.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper:
He read unſeen, then ſtole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way;
And reaching heaven by break of day,
He ſhew'd Apollo what he ſtole.
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
Then, calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celeſtial vellum took;

And what he with a ſun-beam there
Writ down, the Muſe thus copies fair:
" If I no men my ſons muſt call,
" Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
" Mark then the ſacred words that follow,
" Sophia's mine"—ſo ſign'd APOLLO.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's firſt attribute,
Whoſe care embraces man and brute!
Behold me, where I ſhivering ſtand;
Bid gentle Pity ſtretch her hand
To want and age, diſeaſe and pain,
That all in one ſad object reign.
Still feeling bad, ſtill fearing worſe,
Exiſtence is to me a curſe:
Yet, how to cloſe this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the laſt and ſound repoſe;
Death does at dreadful diſtance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE

THE REWARD:

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVII.

APOLLO, from the ſouthern ſky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Juſt ſuch a glance our courtiers throw
At ſuitors whom they ſhun to know:
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The cheſt erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is ſeen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?
But gods are never in the wrong:
What then diſpleas'd the power of ſong?
The caſe was this: Where noble arts
Once flouriſh'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums and dice and diſſipation
Have chac'd all taſte from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table ſpread,
Where ſenſe and ſcience may be fed?
Where, with a ſmile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place?

Theſe thoughts put Phœbus in the ſpleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to ſhroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-diſcerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to ſpy,
Juſt crept abroad, as is his way,
To baſk him in the noon-tide ray.
This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interpoſing cloud;
And bade their gather'd miſts aſcend,
That he might warm his good old friend:
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful ſong.
"With talents, ſuch as God has given
To common mortals, ſix in ſeven;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they ſhould obey;
With no more frailties than are found
In thouſand others, count them round;
With much good-will, inſtead of parts,
Expreſs'd for artiſts and for arts;
Who ſmiles, if you have ſmartly ſpoke;
Or nods applauſe to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy;
Still keeps amuſement full in view:
Wiſe? Now and then—but oftener new;
His coach, this hour, at Watſon's door;
The next, in waiting on a whore.

When-

Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monſter ſtrange, or ſtranger man,
A Selkirke from his deſart-iſle,
Or Alligator from the Nile;
He ſaw the monſter in its ſhrine,
And had the man, next day, to dine.
Or was it an hermaphrodite?
You found him in a two-fold hurry;
Neglecting, for this he-ſhe-ſight,
The ſingle charms of Fanny Murray.
Gathering, from ſuburb and from city,
Who were, who would be, wiſe or witty;
The full-wigg'd ſons of pills and potions;
The bags, of maggot and new notions;
The ſage, of microſcopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave Antiquaries, with their flams;
And Poets, ſquirting epigrams:
With ſome few Lords—of thoſe that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink:
Nay, Ladies too, of diverſe fame,
Who are, and are not, of the game.
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleaſure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He ſinks from life by ſoft decay;
And ſees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."
But here, ſome pillar of the ſtate,
Whoſe life is one long dull debate;

Some pedant of the ſable gown,
Who ſpares no failings, but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow:
Is this a ſubject for Apollo!
What! can the God of wit and verſe
Such trifles in our ears rehearſe?
"Know, puppies, this man's eaſy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with ſtrife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good;
A ſcience you ne'er underſtood:
And Charity, ye ſons of Pride,
A multitude of faults will hide.
I, at his board, more ſenſe have found,
Than at a hundred dinners round.
Taſte, learning, mirth, my weſtern eye
Could often, there, collected ſpy:
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was ſung or ſaid.
"And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor, ſtrong and ſmall;
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe*,
Whoſe ſoups and ſauces duly ſeaſon'd,
Whoſe wit well tim'd, and ſenſe well reaſon'd,
Give Burgundy a brighter ſtain,
And add new flavour to Champagne—
Shall this man to the grave deſcend,
Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend?

* This Poem was certainly written in 1757; but the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the God of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. MALLET.

Unown'd,

No: by my deity I ſwear,
Nor ſhall the vow be loſt in air;
While you, and millions ſuch as you,
Are ſunk for ever from my view,
And loſt in kindred-darkneſs lye,
This good old man ſhall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning ſhall be fame.

TYBURN:

TO THE

MARINE SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE deſign of the Marine Society is in itſelf ſo laudable, and has been purſued ſo ſucceſsfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment. But, to take off from the flatneſs of a direct compliment, I have through the whole poem loaded their inſtitution with ſuch reproaches as will ſhow, I hope, in the moſt ſtriking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts, it appears, that from the firſt riſe of this Society to the preſent year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out for the ſea-ſervice, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys: in all 9963 perſons: whom they have thus not only ſaved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them uſeful members of the community; at a time too when their country ſtood moſt in need of their aſſiſtance.

IT has been, all examples ſhow it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhyme;

With

With wit enliven ſenſeleſs rocks;
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards ſenators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geeſe may vote,
  Theſe moral fictions, firſt deſign'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Æſop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
Could all a ſtateſman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance juſt,
Exclaim, with Bufo, What a duſt!
His horſe-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid ſtream,
Lord love us, how we apples ſwim!
  But farther inſtances to cite,
Would tire the hearers patience quite.
No: what their numbers and their worth,
How theſe admire, while thoſe hold forth,
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houſes tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wiſdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and uſe,
An orator of wood produce.
  Why ſhould the gentle reader ſtare?
Are wooden orators ſo rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,

That bears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if ſuch things are a wonder.
So can Saint Dunſtan's in the Weſt,
When good Romaine harangues his beſt,
And tells his ſtaring congregation,
That ſober ſenſe is ſure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worſe than treaſon,
For uſing, what God gave him, reaſon.
A pox of all this prefacing!
Smart Balbus cries: come, name the thing:
That ſuch there are we all agree:
What is this wood? Why—Tyburn-tree.
Hear then this reverend oak harangue;
Who makes men do ſo, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
When rogues ſo rais'd the price of wheat,
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Juſt as, when doctors' fees run high,
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durſt into murmurs break;
For loſers muſt have leave to ſpeak:
Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
Each neighbour-rogue they found foreſtalling.
As theſe again, their knaves and ſetters,
Durſt vent complaints againſt their betters;
Whoſe only crime was in defeating
Their ſcheme of growing rich by cheating:

So,

So, ſhall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd Miniſter of ſtate?
The finiſher of care and pain
May, ſure, with better grace complain,
For reaſons no leſs ſtrong and true,
Marine Society, of you!
Of you, as every carman knows,
My lateſt and moſt fatal foes.
My property you baſely ſteal,
Which ev'n a Britiſh oak can feel;
Feel and reſent! what wonder then
It ſhould be felt by Britiſh men,
When France, inſulting, durſt invade
Their cleareſt property of trade?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that ſupreme tribunal, war,
To ſhow their reaſons have agreed,
And lawyers, by ten thouſands, fee'd;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
And each his client's cauſe maintains,
By knocking out th' opponent's brains:
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wiſe digreſſion, and return.
Your rules and ſtatutes have undone me:
My ſureſt cards begin to ſhun me.
My native ſubjects dare rebel,
Thoſe who were born for me and hell:
And, but for you, the ſcoundrel-line
Had, every mother's ſon, died mine.

A race

A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or ſuburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various ſpawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,
Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor ſhame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.
Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to ſin, as well as ſot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of ſhade.
Late riſen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council ſally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a ſon, whoſe firſt eſſay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire:
And, while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown ſo nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like ſcorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds ſpouſe;
For young and freſh while he would wiſh her,
His looſe thought glows with Kitty Fiſher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

Now

Now theſe, of each degree and ſort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to ſwear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
Theſe, Tyburn's regimental train,
Who riſk their necks to ſpread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:
And each, by diſcipline ſevere,
Improv'd beyond all ſhame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My conſtant friend the good Old-Bailey
To me made over, late or ſoon;
I think, at lateſt, once a noon:
But, by your interloping care,
Not one in ten ſhall be my ſhare.
Ere 'tis too late your error ſee,
You foes to Britain, and to me.
To me: agreed—But to the nation;
I prove it thus by demonſtration.
First, that there is much good in ill,
My great apoſtle Mandevile
Has made moſt clear. Read, if you pleaſe,
His moral fable of the bees.
Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone;
That were it not for uſeful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price:
Nay, we ſhould quickly bid defiance
To their demonſtrated alliance.

Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
Now theſe, our ſovereign lords the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and ſquabble,
The monſtrous many-headed beaſt,
Whom we muſt not offend, but feaſt,
Like Cerberus, ſhould have their ſop:
And what is that, but truſſing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day?
To ſee * Page ſwinging they admire,
Beyond ev'n * Madox on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear,
To * Perry dangling in the air!
And then, the being drunk a week,
For joy, ſome * Sheppard would not ſqueak!
But now that thoſe good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your ſcheme abſurd of ſober rules
Will ſink the race of men to mules;
For ever drudging, ſweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard maſters! who, juſt when they need 'em,
With a few thiſtles deign to feed 'em.
Yet more—for it is ſeldom known
That fault or folly ſtands alone—

* * * * As theſe are all perſons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unneceſſary. MALLET.

You

You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind;
Which muſt beget, in heads untry'd,
That worſt of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forſake,
Will reckon, each, to be a Blake;
There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already ſtruts the future Bembow;
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
Theſe ſturdy ſons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monſieur by the noſe,
By making kicks and cuffs the faſhion,
Will put all Europe in a paſſion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, "juſqu' au centuple:"
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?
Theſe, and more miſchiefs I foreſee
From fondling brats of baſe degree.
As muſhrooms that on dunghills riſe,
The kindred-weeds beneath deſpiſe;
So theſe their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them:
For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the riſe of friends?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we muſt hate.
Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,

To ſee his ancient meſs-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Paſs in another all of ſilk?

Yet, one more mournful caſe to put:
A hundred mouths at once you ſhut!
Half Grub-ſtreet, ſilenc'd in an hour,
Muſt curſe your interpoſing power!
If my loſt ſons no longer ſteal,
What ſon of hers can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too! that ſung
How great from world to world they ſwung;
And by ſad ſonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd!

Blind Fielding too—a miſchief on him!
I wiſh my ſons would meet and ſtone him!
Sends his black ſquadrons up and down,
Who drive my beſt boys back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To eaſe rich raſcals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unſafe;
That there are ſurer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame:
So down, at home, they ſit, and think
How beſt to rob, with pen and ink.

Hence, red-hot letters and eſſays,
By the John Lilburn of theſe days;

Who guards his want of ſhame and ſenſe,
With ſhield of ſevenfold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuſe and little wit.
Hence libels againſt Hardwicke penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend:
Hence oft aſcrib'd to Fox, at leaſt
All that defames his name-ſake beaſt.
Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muſe,
That ſink, where myriads went before,
And ſleep within the chaos hoar:
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.
Each eager hand a fragment ſnaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.
  Theſe, ſingly, contributions raiſe,
Of caſual pudding and of praiſe.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due meaſures not to hang,
In magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin:
Whoſe weekly, or whoſe monthly, feat is
Firſt to decry, then ſteal, your treatiſe.
So rogues in France perform their job;
Aſſaſſinating, ere they rob.
  But, this long narrative to cloſe:
They who would grievances expoſe,
In all good policy, no leſs,
Should ſhew the methods to redreſs.

If commerce, ſinking in one ſcale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail;
The taſk is next, all ſtateſmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, riſing there in due degree,
The public may no loſer be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, deſtroy my trade;
That we at laſt may part good friends,
Hear how you ſtill may make amends.
O ſearch this ſinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Chriſtians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nations ſpoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and diſgrace.
Secret and ſnug, by daily ſtealth,
The buſy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, control the great!
Then, without talents, rule the ſtate!
Some ladies too—for ſome there are,
With ſhame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale threeſcore,
Still ſpread the roſe of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown boſom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid ruſh;
Put modeſt whoring to the bluſh;

And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
Send me each miſchief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, ſenator or ſcribbler:
Who, on the ſelf-ſame ſpot of ground,
The ſelf-ſame hearers ſtaring round,
Abjure and join with, praiſe and blame,
Both men and meaſures, ſtill the ſame.
Or ſerve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, flimſy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themſelves;
Leſs aiming to be wiſe than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
Send me each ſtring—ſave green and blue—
Theſe, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
But, Lollius, be not in the ſpleen;
'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
Not thoſe of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming table;
Who, every night, the waiters ſay,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattels;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curſes dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame—yet call it play!

Till, by advice of ſpecial friends,
The titled dupe a ſharper ends:
Or, if ſome drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!

ZEPHIR:

ZEPHIR:

OR,

THE STRATAGEM.

" Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla refertis,
" Una dola Divûm ſi Foemina victa duorum eſt."

VIRG.

ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was ſurprized, on horſeback, by a violent ſtorm of wind and rain from the South-weſt; which made her diſmount, ſomewhat precipitately.

THE god, in whoſe gay train appear
Thoſe gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
To ſpeak more plain, the weſtern wind,
Had ſeen this brighteſt of her kind:
Had ſeen her oft with freſh ſurprize!
And ever with deſiring eyes!
Much, by her ſhape, her look, her air,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning ſoul that ſhines
Through all her charms, and all refines.

Born to command, yet turn'd to pleaſe,
Her form is dignity, with eaſe:
Then--ſuch a hand, and ſuch an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Juſt ſuch a l g too, Zephir knows,
The Medicéan Venus ſhows!
So far he ſees; ſo far admires.
Each charm is fewel to his fires:
But other charms, and thoſe of price,
That form the bounds of Paradiſe,
Can thoſe an equal praiſe command;
All turn'd by Nature's fineſt hand?
Is all the conſecrated ground
With plumpneſs, firm, with ſmoothneſs, round?
The world, but once, one Zeuxis ſaw,
A faultleſs form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furniſh out the matchleſs piece,
Were rifled half the toaſts of Greece.
'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh;
'Twas Waldegrave's ſweetly-brilliant eye;
'Twas gentle Pembroke's eaſe and grace,
And Hervey lent her maiden-face.
But dares he hope, on Britiſh ground,
That theſe may all, in one, be found?
Theſe chiefly that ſtill ſhun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.
Aurora riſing, freſh and gay,
Gave promiſe of a golden day.

Up, with her ſiſter, Mira roſe,
Four hours before our London beaux;
For theſe are ſtill aſleep and dead,
Save Arthur's ſons—not yet in bed.
A roſe, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the paſſing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he ſaw her ſtoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while acroſs the daiſy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due weſtward as her ſteps ſhe bore,
Would ſwell her petticoat, before;
Would ſubtly ſteal his face between,
To ſee—what never yet was ſeen!
" And ſure, to fan it with his wing,
" No nine-month ſymptom e'er can bring:
" His aim is but the nymph to pleaſe,
" Who daily courts his cooling breeze."
But liſten, fond believing Maid!
When Love, ſoft traitor, would perſuade,
With all the moving ſkill and grace
Of practis'd paſſion in his face,
Dread his approach, diſtruſt your power—
For oh! there is one ſhepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, diſguiſe the lover,
The ſenſe, or nonſenſe, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for thoſe butterflies, the beaux,
Who buz around in tinſel-rows,

Shake, ſhake them off, with quick diſdain:
Where inſects ſettle, they will ſtain.
Thus, Zephir oft the nymph aſſail'd.
As oft his little arts had fail'd:
The folds of ſilk, the ribs of whale,
Reſiſted ſtill his feeble gale.
With theſe repulſes vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephir has recourſe to art:
And his own weakneſs to ſupply,
Calls in a Brother of the ſky,
The rude South-Weſt; whoſe mildeſt play
Is war, mere war, the Ruſſian way:
A tempeſt-maker by his trade,
Who knows to raviſh, not perſuade.
The terms of their aërial league,
How firſt to harraſs and fatigue,
Then, found on ſome remoter plain,
To ply her cloſe with wind and rain;
Theſe terms, writ fair and ſeal'd and ſign'd,
Should Webb or Stukely wiſh to find,
Wiſe antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever paſs'd —and more;
Though here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in ſome cloud enroll'd,
Thoſe floating regiſters in air:
So let them mount, and lead them there.
The grand alliance thus agreed,
To inſtant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Pruſſia's monarch well has ſhown,

To

To break, at once, upon your foe,
And ſtrike the firſt preventive blow.
With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
Whoſe very how d' ye is a ſtorm,
The dread South-Weſt his part begun,
Thick clouds, extinguiſhing the ſun,
At his command, from pole to pole
Dark ſpreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
Who, preſſing now her favourite ſteed,
Adorn'd the pomp ſhe deigns to lead.
O Mira! to the future blind,
Th' inſidious foe is cloſe behind:
Guard, guard your treaſure, while you can;
Unleſs this God ſhould be the Man.
For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
Are cloſing round—they burſt! they fall!
While at the charmer all-aghaſt,
He pours whole winter in a blaſt:
Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
If natives founder on the flood;
If Britain's coaſt be left as bare*
As he reſolves to leave the Fair.
Here, Gods reſemble human breed;
The world be damn'd—ſo they ſucceed.
Pale, trembling, from her ſteed ſhe fled,
With ſilk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the laſt receſs of love.

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay. MALLET.

Each wondering fawn was ſeen to bound*,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
A ſight of that ſequeſter'd glade,
In all its light, in all its ſhade,
Which riſes there for wiſeſt ends,
To deck the temple it defends.
Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
For what a thouſand Heroes ſtrove,
When Europe, Aſia, both in arms,
Diſputed one fair Lady's charms.
The war pretended Helen's eyes†;
But this, believe it, was the prize.
This rouz'd Achilles' mortal ire,
This ſtrung his Homer's epic lyre;
Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight,
And ſtill makes bulls and heroes fight.
Yet, though the diſtant conſcious Muſe
This airy rape delighted views;
Yet ſhe, for honour guides her lays,
Enjoying yet, diſdains to praiſe.
If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
Are they a pattern for the Gods?
Can Ruſſia, can th' Hungarian vampire‡,
With whom caſt in the Swedes and Empire,
Can four ſuch powers, who one aſſail,
Deſerve our praiſe, ſhould they prevail?

* "Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata Juvenca." VIRG.

† "Et fuit ante Helanam," &c. HOR.

‡ A certain miſchievous demon that delights much in human blood; of whom there are many ſtories told in Hungary.

MALLET.

O mighty

O mighty triumph! high renown!
Two gods have brought one mortal down;
Have club'd their forces in a ſtorm,
To ſtrip one helpleſs female form!
Strip her ſtark naked; yet confeſs,
Such charms are Beauty's faireſt dreſs!
But, all-inſenſible to blame,
The ſky-born raviſhers on flame
Enchanted at the proſpect ſtood,
And kiſs'd with rapture what they view'd.
Sleek S * * r too had done no leſs;
Would parſons here the truth confeſs:
Nay, one briſk peer, yet all-alive,
Would do the ſame, at eighty-five*.
But how, in colours ſoftly-bright,
Where ſtrength and harmony unite,
To paint the limbs, that fairer ſhow
Than Maſſalina's borrow'd ſnow;
To paint the roſe, that, through its ſhade,
With theirs, one human eye ſurvey'd;
Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
Would he the genuine draught avow,
The Muſe, a ſecond Titian then,
To Fame might conſecrate her pen!
That Titian, Nature gave of old
The Queen of Beauty to behold,

* We believe there is a miſtake in this reading; for the perſon beſt informed and moſt concerned aſſures, that it ſhould be only ſeventy-five. MALLET.

Like

Like Mira unadorn'd by dreſs,
But all compleat in nakedneſs:
Then bade his emulating art
Thoſe wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready Graces ſtand,
Each heightening ſtroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He ſees, ſcarce crediting his eyes,
He ſees a brighter Venus riſe!
But, to the gentle Reader's coſt,
His pencil, with his life, was loſt:
And Mira muſt contented be,
To live by Ramſay and by me.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND EMMA.

" Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain.
" The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
" And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
" Do uſe to chant it. It is ſilly ſooth,
" And dallies with the innocence of love,
" Like the old age." SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood,

II.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

III.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His Siſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The Father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept,

XIV.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintery waſte,
Beneath the moon-light ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

XVII. 'Tis

XVII.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

XX.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

XXII.

Alone, apall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear.
Sad ſounding in the gale!

XXIII.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more,

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide—
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and dy'd.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

To Mr. COPPERTHWAITE, *at* MARRICK.

Worthy Sir,

*** As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to conſult my clerk, and another perſon in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The hiſtory of it is as follows;

THE family-name of the young man was Wrightſon; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the ſame age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no diſparity: but in fortune, alas! ſhe was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handſome competency, expected and required that his ſon ſhould marry ſuitably.

But

But as "amor vincit omnia," his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtſhip, which was all by ſtealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightſon, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a ruſtic one it is, "that blood was "nothing without groats."

The young lover ſickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tueſday, and died the Sunday ſevennight after.

On the laſt day of his illneſs, he deſired to ſee his miſtreſs. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, ſhe ſcreamed aloud that her heart was burſt, and expired ſome moments after.

The then curate of Bowes * inſerted it in his regiſter, that they both died of love, and were buried in the ſame grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Yours, &c.

* Bowes is a ſmall village in Yorkſhire, where in former times the Earls of Richmond had a caſtle. It ſtands on the edge of that vaſt and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people, Stanemore; which is always expoſed to wind and weather, deſolate and ſolitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O Crown'd with honour, bleſt with length of days,
Thou whom the wiſe revere, the worthy praiſe;
Juſt guardian of thoſe laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou haſt gain'd—
Though ſtill the faireſt from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can beſtow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends poſſeſt,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is ſincerely bleſt.
All human-kind are ſons of ſorrow born:
The great muſt ſuffer, and the good muſt mourn.
For ſay, can Wiſdom's ſelf, what late was thine,
Can fortitude, without a ſigh, reſign?
Ah, no! when Love, when Reaſon, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn conſenting Mourners ſtand,
The firmeſt heart diſſolves to ſoften here:
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Thoſe ſacred drops, by virtuous weakneſs ſhed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their ſource unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd Child the Roman could not ſave,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave *,
No common forms his home-felt paſſion kept:
The ſage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
And O by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The ſame thy loſs, thy ſorrows are the ſame.
She whom the Muſes, whom the Loves deplore,
Ev'n ſhe, thy pride and pleaſure, is no more:
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Loſt to thy hopes, and ſilent in the tomb.
O ſeaſon mark'd by mourning and deſpair,
Thy blaſts, how fatal to the Young and Fair?
For vernal freſhneſs, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds come pregnant with diſeaſe:
Sick Nature ſunk before the mortal breath,
That ſcatter'd fever, agony, and death!
What funerals has thy cruel ravage ſpread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble boſoms bled!
Here let Reflection fix her ſober view:
O think, who ſuffer, and who ſigh with you.
See, rudely ſnatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful huſband's arms!
In climes far diſtant, ſee that huſband mourn;
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread inſtant blooming Lincoln fall!

* Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the uſual graces of her ſex, the more ſolid accompliſhments of knowledge and polite letters. MALLET.

See her lov'd Lord with ſpeechleſs anguiſh bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy nobleſt friend,
Thy Pelham turn on heaven his ſtreaming eye:
Again in her, he ſees a brother die!
And he, who long, unſhaken and ſerene,
Had death, in each dire form of terror, ſeen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans toſt,
By love ſubdued, now weeps a conſort loſt:
Now, ſunk to fondneſs, all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his ſoul in tears!
Yet more: nor thou the Muſe's voice diſdain,
Who fondly tries to ſoothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye ſurvey the ſuffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What ſpring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thouſands, raviſh'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiſcuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.
Think too: and reaſon will confirm the thought:
Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
Yes, ſhe, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chaſtis'd, with ſprightly temper, ſage:
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, ſiſter, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unſtain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life eſcap'd, and ſafe on that calm ſhore
Where ſin and pain and error are no more,

She now no change, nor you no fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal ſeal!

A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

YE midnight ſhades, o'er Nature ſpread!
Dumb ſilence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep ſurrounding gloom,
The ſober thought,
The tear untaught,
Thoſe meeteſt mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo! as the ſurplic'd train draw near
To this laſt manſion of mankind,
The ſlow ſad bell, the ſable bier,
In holy muſings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling ſtream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mouldering bone,
Each ſculptor'd ſtone,
Strikes mute inſtruction to the heart!

III. Now,

III.

Now, let the ſacred organ blow,
With ſolemn pauſe, and ſounding ſlow:
Now, let the voice due meaſure keep,
In ſtrains that ſigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depreſs, but lift the ſoaring ſoul.

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praiſe,
Who firſt inform'd our frame with breath:
And, after ſome few ſtormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
No King of Fears,
In him appears,
Who ſhuts the ſcene of human woes:
Beneath his ſhade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repoſe.

V.

Then, while we mingle duſt with duſt,
To One, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Raiſe hallelujahs! God is juſt,
And man moſt happy, when he dies!
His winter paſt,
Fair ſpring at laſt
Receives him on her flowery ſhore;
Where Pleaſure's roſe
Immortal blows,
And ſin and ſorrow are no more!

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour, the world lies huſh'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
Reſt, and ſoft-footed Silence, in his train,
To bleſs the cottage, and renew the ſwain.
Theſe all-aſleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor reſt, nor ſilence, charm the lover's mind.
Already, I a thouſand torments prove,
The thouſand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breaſt;
The fluttering wiſh on wing, that will not reſt;
Deſire, whoſe kindled flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of diſtant bliſs, and preſent woe;
Unhuſh'd, unſleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of abſence, and of loving well!
Theſe pale the cheek, and cloud the chearleſs eye,
Swell the ſwift tear, and heave the frequent ſigh:
Theſe reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And theſe, O Mira! theſe are truly mine.
She, whoſe ſweet ſmile would gladden all the grove,
Whoſe mind is muſic, and whoſe looks are love;
She, gentle power! victorious ſoftneſs!—She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;
Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!

Sweetneſs

Sweetneſs is her's, and unaffected eaſe;
The native wit, that was not taught to pleaſe.
Whatever ſoftly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
Th' unſtudy'd ſmile, the bluſh that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze, a thouſand ardours riſe;
And my fir'd boſom flaſhes from my eyes,
Oh! melting mildneſs! miracle of charms!
Receive my ſoul within thoſe folding arms!
On that dear boſom let my wiſhes reſt—
Oh! ſofter than the turtle's downy breaſt!
And ſee! where Love himſelf is waiting near!
Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

NOW, gloomy ſoul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That ſpreads, ſlow-ſhadowing, o'er the vanquiſh'd light.
Look out, with joy; the Ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
Already exil'd to the utmoſt ſky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintery pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confuſion, roll;

In diſmal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a ſick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark! impriſon'd winds, broke looſe, ariſe,
And roar their haughty triumph through the ſkies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burſt upon the plain.
Now ſee ſad earth—like thine, her alter'd ſtate,
Like thee, ſhe mourns her ſad reverſe of fate!
Her ſmile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the ſwain;
Theſe ſcenes of bliſs, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouze my hate.
The leaf-clad foreſt, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the ſafe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is—my ſoul! the winter of their year!
The little, noiſy ſongſters of the wing,
All, ſhivering on the bough, forget to ſing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow!
Be Muſic's voice, for ever mute—as now:
Let no intruſive joy my dead repoſe
Diſturb:—no pleaſure diſconcert my woes.
In this moſs-cover'd cavern, hopeleſs laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waſte, unpitying, ſee
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marſhes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and ruſhy moors,

Dead

Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can ſmile!)—in wild diſorder riſe:
And now, the various dreadfulneſs combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
See! Night's wiſh'd ſhades riſe, ſpreading through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! ſolitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb ſilence midnight all the ground,
And ſpread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark! a ſudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine,
And ſtalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
Stop, flying Time! repoſe thy reſtleſs wing;
Fix here—nor haſten to reſtore the ſpring:
Fix'd my ill fate, ſo fix'd let winter be—
Let never wanton ſeaſon laugh at me!

PROLOGUE
TO THE
MASQUE OF BRITANNIA,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, * 1755, IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, FUDDLED AND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

He enters, ſinging,

" How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes—"

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A ſailor, half ſeas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much ſail?

* *to the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I ſcud before the gale *—

* *he ſtaggers forward, then ſtops.*

But ſoftly though—the veſſel ſeems to heel:
Steady! my boy—ſhe muſt not ſhew her keel.
And now, thus ballaſted—what courſe to ſteer?
Shall I again to ſea—and bang Mounſeer?
Or ſtay on ſhore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
Doſt love 'em, boy?—By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is ſurely moſt inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—ſave flip and fighting:
For ſhall we ſons of beef and freedom ſtoop,
Or lower our flag to ſlavery and ſoup?
What! ſhall theſe parly-vous make ſuch a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still ſhall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he ſhuffles, we ſhould always cut.

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

I'll

I'll to 'em, faith—Avaſt—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to ſee the ſhow?
* *Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work's to-night—I'll read your printed hand!
But, firſt refreſh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one ſugar-plum *—and then I'll read it,
* *Takes ſome tobacco.*
He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.
At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—
S A R A H.
I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may ſee
Her nameſake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll ſleep as ſound, as if I were at ſea.
To which will be added—a new Maſque.
Zounds! why a Maſque? We ſailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, ſo very large and plain?
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I ſwear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, ſhall ſtrait be there.
All free-born ſouls muſt take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!
going off, he ſtops.
I wiſh you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing!
True to yourſelves, your country, and your king!

IN-

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deſerves applauſe;
With no one aukwardneſs that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but juſt echoes what we ſay;
A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day:
His larum goes in one ſmooth, ſimple ſtrain;
He ſtops: and then, we wind him up again.
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghoſt of the departed man.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, MARY SCOT.

I.

WHERE Thames, along the daiſy'd meads,
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
Silent, ſlow, ſerenely flowing,
Wealth on either ſhore beſtowing:
There, in a ſafe, though ſmall retreat,
Content and Love have fix'd their ſeat:
Love, that counts his duty, pleaſure;
Content that knows and hugs his treaſure.

II.

From art, from jealouſy ſecure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendſhip pure;
Vain opinion nobly ſcorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.

Fair

Fair Thames, along thy flowery ſide,
May thoſe whom truth and reaſon guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON.

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

CHARM'D, and inſtructed, by thy powerful ſong,
I have, unjuſt, with-held my thanks too long:
This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly ſincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.
Thy worth new lights the Poet's darken'd name,
And ſhews it, blazing, in the brighteſt fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of ſound,
Clear depth of ſenſe, expreſſion's heightening grace,
And goodneſs, eminent in power, and place!
For this, the wiſe, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
Ev'n age, and truth ſevere, in reading thee,
That heaven inſpires the Muſe, convinc'd, agree.
Thus I dare ſing of merit, faintly known,
Friendleſs—ſupported by its ſelf alone:
For thoſe, whoſe aided will could lift thee high,
In fortune, ſee not with Diſcernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, beſtows the ſight refin'd;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How could'ſt thou think of ſuch, and write ſo well?
Or hope reward, by daring to excell?
Unſkilful of the age! untaught to gain
Thoſe favours, which the fawning baſe obtain!
A thouſand ſhameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falſehood, and Flattery, muſt be firſt thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breaſt,
Thou muſt drive out th' unprofitable gueſt:
Extinguiſh each bright aim, that kindles there,
And centre in thyſelf thy every care.
But hence that vileneſs—pleas'd to charm mankind,
Caſt each low thought of intereſt far behind:
Neglected into noble ſcorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar Poets ſtray:
Inglorious herd! profuſe of venal lays!
And by the pride deſpis'd, they ſtoop to praiſe!
Thou, careleſs of the ſtateſman's ſmile or frown,
Tread that ſtrait way, that leads to fair renown.
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant Envy, ſlow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundleſs mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
Enrich them with the treaſures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muſe has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So ſhall thy name, through ages, brightening ſhine,
And diſtant praiſe, from worth unborn, be thine;
So ſhalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WIL-

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI. Awake!

VI.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

X.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

XI.

Why did you ſay, my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

XIV.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green-graſs turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called "The "Knight of the Burning Peſtle," old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

This was probably the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament, and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago. MALLET.

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne. N.

EPITAPH,

ON MR. AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

DEAR to the wiſe and good, diſprais'd by none,
Here ſleep in peace the father and the ſon:
By virtue, as by nature, cloſe ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to ſhine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendſhip's warmth divine.
The ſon, fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a date;
But oh, how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn, untimely, from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept and dy'd!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud ſtructures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodneſs ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs Virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O ſcap'd from life! O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity, wait ſincere on thee:
Lo! ſoft Remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy Friendſhip ſtands a mourner here.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing:
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in ſoft raptures, waſte the day,
Among the ſhades of Endermay.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom muſt fade;
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade.
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er;
The feather'd ſongſters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the ſhades of Endermay!

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END OF MALLET'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

AKENSIDE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION, 1772.

THIS Volume contains a complete Collection of the Poems of the late Dr. Akenſide, either reprinted from the original Editions, or faithfully publiſhed from Copies which had been prepared by himſelf for publication.

That the principal Poem ſhould appear in ſo diſadvantageous a ſtate, may require ſome explanation. The firſt publication of it was at a very early part of the Author's life. That it wanted Reviſion and Correction, he was ſufficiently ſenſible; but ſo quick was the demand for ſeveral ſucceſſive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his Corrections was utterly impoſſible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther Improvements in every new Edition would (he thought) have had the appearance at leaſt of abuſing the favor of the Public. He choſe therefore to continue for ſome time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publiſhing any Corrections or Improvements until he ſhould be able at once to give them to the Public complete.

And

And with this view he went on for ſeveral years to review and correct the Poem at his leiſure; till at length he found the taſk grow ſo much upon his hands, that, deſparing of ever being able to execute it ſufficiently to his own ſatisfaction, he abandoned the purpoſe of correcting, and reſolved to write the Poem over a new upon a ſomewhat different and an enlarged Plan. And in the execution of this Deſign he had made a conſiderable Progreſs. What reaſon there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will beſt appear from the peruſal of the Plan itſelf, as ſtated in the General Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here publiſhed. For the perſon *, to whom he intruſted the Diſpoſal of his Papers, would have thought himſelf wanting as well to the Service of the Public, as to the Fame of his Friend, if he had not produced as much of the Work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he conſidered the intire firſt and ſecond Books, of which a few Copies had been printed for the uſe only of the Author and certain Friends: alſo a very conſiderable part of the third Book, which had been tranſcribed in order to its being printed in the ſame manner: and to theſe is added the Introduction to a ſubſequent Book, which in the Manuſcript is called the Fourth, and which appears to have been compoſed at the time when the Author in-

[* The Right Hon. JEREMIAH DYSON; by whom this advertiſement was written.]

tended

tended to comprize the whole in Four Books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to diſtribute the Poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the Laſt Book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the Editor too valuable, even in its imperfect State, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too ſmall a part of the original Poem to ſupply its place, and to ſuperſede the re-publication of it. For which reaſon both the Poems are inſerted in this collection.

Of Odes the Author had deſigned to make up Two Books, conſiſting of twenty Odes each, including the ſeveral Odes which he had before publiſhed at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the ſixth Volume of Dodſley's Miſcellanies, with a few Corrections and the addion of ſome Notes. To the Inſcriptions taken from the ſame Volume three new Inſcriptions are added; the laſt of which is the only inſtance wherein liberty has been taken of inſerting any thing in this Collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication *; among whoſe papers no Copy of this was found, but it is

[* In the preſent Edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no diſcredit to their Author. But theſe are all placed at the end of the volume.]

printed from a Copy which he had many years ſince given to the Editor.

The Author of theſe Poems was born at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, on the 9th Day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammar School at Newcaſtle and at the Univerſities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his Degree of Doctor in Phyſic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus to the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic in the Univerſity of Cambridge: elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians, and one of the Phyſicians of St. Thomas's Hoſpital: and upon the Eſtabliſhment of the Queen's Houſehold, appointed one of the Phyſicians to Her Majeſty. He died of a putrid Fever, on the 23d Day of June 1770, and is buried in the Pariſh Church of St. James's Weſtminſter.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

A

POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσεβές μέν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπῳ τὰς παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ χάρθας ἀτιμάζειν.
EPICT. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Publiſhed in the Year M,DCC,XLIV.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which ſeem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily ſenſe and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination.* Like the external ſenſes, they relate to matter and motion; and at the ſame time, give the mind ideas analogous to thoſe of moral approbation and diſlike. As they are the inlets of ſome of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and ſenſible tempers have ſought means to recall the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the object which originally produced them. This gave riſe to the imitative or deſigning arts; ſome of which, as painting and ſculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as muſic and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by ſigns univerſally eſtabliſhed and underſtood.

But theſe arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of courſe led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers: eſpecially poetry, which, making uſe of language as the inſtrument by which it imitates, it conſequently becomes an unlimited repreſentative of every ſpecies and

and mode of being, Yet, as their intention was only to expreſs the objects of imagination, and as they ſtill abound chiefly in ideas of that claſs, they of courſe retain their original character; and all the different pleaſures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleaſures of Imagination.*

The deſign of the following poem is to give a view of *theſe* in the largeſt acceptation of the term; *ſo that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, muſic, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of thoſe principles in the conſtitution of the human mind, which are here eſtabliſhed and explained.*

In executing this general plan, it was neceſſary firſt of all to diſtinguiſh the Imagination from our other faculties; and in the next place to characterize thoſe original forms or properties of being, about which it is converſant, and which are by nature adapted to it as light is to the eyes, or truth to the underſtanding. Theſe properties Mr. Addiſon had reduced to the three general claſſes of greatneſs, novelty, and beauty; and into theſe we may analyſe every object, however complex, which, properly ſpeaking, is delightful to the imagination. But ſuch an object may alſo include many other ſources of pleaſure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a ſtronger impreſſion by reaſon of this concurrence. Beſides which, the imitative arts, eſpecially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *ſimilar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagi-

imagination, inſomuch that in every line of the moſt applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external ſenſes, or truths diſcovered to the underſtanding, or illuſtrations of contrivance and final cauſes, or, above all the reſt, with circumſtances proper to awaken and engage the paſſions. It was therefore neceſſary to enumerate and exemplify theſe different ſpecies of pleaſure; eſpecially that from the paſſions, which, as it is ſupreme in the nobleſt work of human genius, ſo being in ſome particulars not a little ſurprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After theſe parts of the ſubject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and intereſt the mind, a pleaſure of a very different nature, that which ariſes from ridicule, came next to be conſidered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illuſtration, and to diſtinguiſh the general ſources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of ſtile became neceſſary; ſuch a one as might yet be conſiſtent, if poſſible, with the general taſte of compoſition in the ſerious parts of the ſubject: nor is it an eaſy taſk to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expreſſions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of profeſſed ſatire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illuſtrate ſome particular pleaſures, which ariſe either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itſelf. Of the firſt kind is that various and complicated reſemblance exiſting between ſeveral parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it ſeems in a great meaſure to depend on the early aſſociation of our ideas, and as this habit of aſſociating is the ſource of many pleaſures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great ſhare in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here and its effects deſcribed. Then follows a general account of the production of theſe elegant arts, and of the ſecondary pleaſure, as it is called, ariſing from the reſemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with ſome reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral uſefulneſs in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of compoſition which prevails in this piece, little can be ſaid with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and ſimple one of the firſt Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epiſtolary way of Horace. This latter has ſeveral advantages. It admits of a greater variety of ſtile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of converſation; and, eſpecially with the

aſſiſtance

aſſiſtance of rhyme, leads to a cloſer and more conciſe expreſſion. Add to this the example of the moſt perfect of modern poets, who has ſo happily applied this manner to the nobleſt parts of philoſophy, that the public taſte is in a great meaſure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the ſubject before us, tending almoſt conſtantly to admiration and enthuſiaſm, ſeemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured ſtile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not ſo much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the moſt engaging proſpects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means inſenſibly diſpoſe the minds of men to a ſimilar taſte and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is ſo careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of nature in every principle of the human conſtitution here inſiſted on; and alſo to unite the moral excellencies of life in the ſame point of view with the meer external objects of good taſte; thus recommending them in common to our natural propenſity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The ſame views have alſo led him to introduce ſome ſentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the ſubject; but, ſince they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultleſs model of didactic poetry, will beſt ſupport him in this particular. For the ſentiments themſelves, he makes no apology.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE ſubject propoſed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleaſing to the imagination. The natural variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The idea of a fine imagination, and the ſtate of the mind in the enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures which it affords. All the primary pleaſures of the imagination reſult from the perception of greatneſs, or wonderfulneſs, or beauty in objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from novelty or wonderfulneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from beauty, with its final cauſe. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the ſtudy of moral philoſophy. The different degrees of beauty in different ſpecies of objects: colour; ſhape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The ſublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Concluſion.

WITH

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will, through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her ſiſter liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
The wandering footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye

The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.
  Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic-verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, though importing moſt
A Poet's name: for fruitleſs is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit; there to breathe at large
Ætherial air; with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe flattering ſcenes,
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtle and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muſes bids explore,
Through ſecret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
  From heaven my ſtrains begin; from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy

And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams, adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man! with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven; to ſome ſhe gave

To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers,
Or of ſweet ſounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,

Thrills

Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays; till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its inchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her lovelieſt features to thy view.
  Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confeſſes; the ſublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,

More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
  Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt:
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfaultering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs control of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye

Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with ſhade
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heaven-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſt the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
The empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travel'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.

Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through all the aſcent of things inlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active power
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, though beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze

Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In Truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Riſen from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil

Gazing

Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhivering ſighs: till eager for the event,
Around the Beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! diſclos'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely-flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of heaven!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my ſong, through nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic iſles,
And range with him the Heſperian field, and ſee
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd ſhades,

The

The ſmooth Peneus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral ſteps
Young Hours and genial Gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial dews,
And ſpring's Elyſian bloom. Her flowery ſtore
To thee nor Tempe ſhall refuſe; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Heſperian fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks: diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſures ſweet as love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, tempering blend
Their ſoft allurement. Then the pleaſing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd ſing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high

Where

Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the bluſhing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when ſhe ſtood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and ſmil'd,
Freſh from the deep, and conſcious of her form,
To ſee the Tritons tune their vocal ſhells,
And each cœrulean ſiſter of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To ſeek the Idalian bower. Ye ſmiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young deſire with rival-ſteps purſue
This charm of beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of ſuperſtition dreſs'd in Wiſdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my chearful ſong
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active uſe are ſtrangers? Is her charm
Confeſs'd in aught, whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? Or did nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And catch with fair hypocriſy the heart

Of

Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illuſtrious image, in each kind
Still moſt illuſtrious where the object holds
Its native powers moſt perfect, ſhe by this
Illumes the headſtrong impulſe of deſire,
And ſanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whoſe boſom ſmiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of ſtreams delicious to the thirſty ſoul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to ſenſe,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a ſtate ſincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accompliſh'd. Thus was beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth! would ye diſſolve the tye?
O wherefore, with a raſh impetuous aim,
Seek ye thoſe flowery joys with which the hand
Of laviſh fancy paints each flattering ſcene
Where beauty ſeems to dwell, nor once enquire
Where is the ſanction of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly! Wanting theſe,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy

Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that ſhines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful taſk,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poiſonous charms
Of baleful ſuperſtition guide the feet
Of ſervile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deſerts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muſe at laſt, amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells;
To walk with ſpectres through the midnight ſhade,
And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where wiſdom talk'd with her Athenian ſons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay.
Then ſhould my powerful verſe at once diſpell
Thoſe monkiſh horrors: then in light divine
Diſcloſe the Elyſian proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of Sages, Heroes, Bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurel'd ſcience, and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal ſhrine,
Where Truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,

With

With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pauſe to join
That god-like band. And if the gracious power
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praiſe;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bleſs Heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree

The leaſt and lowlieſt, in the effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And ſuch the ſtately tree with autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are given,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, even in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our inraptur'd ſearch

To

To that eternal origin, whoſe power,
Through all the unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witneſs, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Cœleſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the croud of partriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams for others woes?

Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvied treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch, undiſmay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of mineral treaſure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of genius and deſign; the ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd

Her

Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wiſdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dreſs'd by fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the ſacred paths
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That ſoothes this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of ſtrife and low ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs.
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lycèum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft inchanted with Socratic ſounds.
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd

Tranſplant

Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praiſe
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE ſeparation of the works of imagination from philoſophy, the cauſe of their abuſe among the moderns. Proſpect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleaſures, which increaſe the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleaſures of ſenſe. Particular circumſtances of the mind. Diſcovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and deſign. Emotion of the paſſion. All the natural paſſions partake of a pleaſing ſenſation; with the final cauſe of this conſtitution illuſtrated by an allegorical viſion, and exemplified in ſorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN ſhall the laurel and the vocal ſtring
Reſume their honours? When ſhall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand,
Aſpire to ancient praiſe? Alas! how faint,
How ſlow, the dawn of beauty and of truth 5

Breaks

Breaks the reluctant ſhades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-ſwarms
Tempeſtuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blaſted the Italian ſhore, and ſwept the works
Of liberty and wiſdom down the gulph
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkneſs by the glimmering lamp,
Each Muſe and each fair ſcience pin'd away
The ſordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
At laſt the Muſes roſe, and ſpurn'd their bonds,
And, wildly warbling, ſcatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valcluſa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border and the ſhore
Of ſoft Parthenope. But ſtill the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the buſy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating ſcience to the cells,
Where ſtudious eaſe conſumes the ſilent hour
In ſhadowy ſearches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To prieſtly domination and the luſt
Of lawleſs courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have reſign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue

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Was tun'd for ſlaviſh pæans at the throne
Of tinſel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their proſtrate necks
The fable tyrant plants his heel ſecure.
But now, behold! the radiant æra dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endleſs years on Albion's happy ſhore
In full proportion, once more ſhall extend
To all the kindred powers of ſocial bliſs
A common manſion, a parental roof.
There ſhall the Virtues, there ſhall Wiſdom's train,
Their long-loſt friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the ſmiling family of arts,
The Muſes and the Graces. Then no more
Shall vice, diſtracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high diſtaſte and ſcorn
Turn from their charms the philoſophic eye,
The patriot-boſom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footſteps haughty and ſevere
In gloomy ſtate be trod: the harmonious Muſe
And her perſuaſive ſiſters then ſhall plant
Their ſheltering laurels o'er the black aſcent
And ſcatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine Philoſophy's retreats,
And teach the Muſe her lore; already ſtrove
Their long-divided honours to unite,

While tempering this deep argument we ſang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious pleaſure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge
The complicated joy. The ſweets of ſenſe,
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow,
To raiſe harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe,
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Guſh through the trickling herbage, to the thirſt
Of ſummer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreſhment; o'er the moſſy brink
Shines not the ſurface clearer, and the waves
With ſweeter muſic murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumſtance aſſumes
A moment's diſpoſition to rejoice
In thoſe delights which at a different hour
Would paſs unheeded. Fair the face of ſpring,
When rural ſongs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of ſickneſs long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When firſt with freſh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the bleſſed ſun

Warm

Warm at his boſom, from the ſprings of life
Chaſing oppreſſive damps and languid pain!
Or ſhall I mention, where cœleſtial Truth
Her awful light diſcloſes, to beſtow
A more majeſtic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth
More welcome touch his underſtanding's eye,
Than all the blandiſhments of ſound his ear,
Than all of taſte his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have ſhone ſo pleaſing, as when firſt
The hand of ſcience pointed out the path
In which the ſun-beams gleaming from the weſt
Fall on the watery cloud, whoſe darkſome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling ſhower
Piercing through every cryſtalline convex
Of cluſtering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal ſurface on each glaſſy orb
Repells their forward paſſage into air;
That thence direct they ſeek the radiant goal
From which their courſe began; and, as they ſtrike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Aſſume a different luſtre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the ſplendid roſe
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
Or ſhall we touch that kind acceſs of joy,
That ſprings to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wiſdom's artful aim
Diſpoſing every part, and gaining ſtill

By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whoſe favour'd ſteps
The lamp of ſcience through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her ſecret honours: whether in the ſky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the penſile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the roling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-ſuſtaining earth,
Or fine-adjuſted ſprings of life and ſenſe,
Ye ſcan the counſels of their author's hand.

What, when to raiſe the meditated ſcene,
The flame of paſſion through the ſtruggling ſoul
Deep-kindled, ſhows acroſs that ſudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vaſt of ſize,
With fiercer colours and a night of ſhade?
What? like a ſtorm from their capacious bed
The ſounding ſeas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of theſe eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's ſtrong apprehenſion, ſhakes his frame
Even to the baſe; from every naked ſenſe
Of pain or pleaſure diſſipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb faſhion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature ſpeaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their ſouls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous nerve of paſſion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet

Yet more: her honours where nor beauty claims
Nor ſhews of good the thirſty ſenſe allure,
From paſſion's power alone our nature holds
Eſſential pleaſure. Paſſion's fierce illapſe
Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with ſupplies
Of daily impulſe keeps the elaſtic powers
Intenſely poiz'd, and poliſhes anew
By that colliſion all the fine machine:
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs, by degrees
Incumbering, choak at laſt what heaven deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion and a round of toil.
—But ſay, does every paſſion thus to man
Adminiſter delight? That name indeed
Becomes the roſy breath of love; becomes
The radiant ſmiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter ſhower
That ſorrow ſheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palſy of nocturnal fear,
Or thoſe conſuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then liſten while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the ſchools
Of Wiſdom, or thy lonely-whiſpering voice,
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and ſupport this mighty frame
Of univerſal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have ſtolen unmark'd away,

While

While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the ſage his awful tale began.
'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When ſpotleſs youth with ſolitude reſigns
To ſweet philoſophy the ſtudious day,
What time pale autumn ſhades the ſilent eve,
Muſing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When ſtarting full on Fancy's guſhing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentleſt wiſdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to ſnatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy laſt farewel
Struck to the inmoſt feeling of my ſoul
As with the hand of death. At once the ſhade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarſer murmuring ſhook the branches. Dark
As midnight ſtorms, the ſcene of human things
Appear'd before me; deſarts, burning ſands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen ſouth,
And deſolation blaſting all the weſt
With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
Here ſits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of ſuperſtition there infect the ſkies,
And turn the ſun to horror. Gracious heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot theſe,
Not theſe portents thy awful will ſuffice?

That, propagated thus beyond their ſcope,
They riſe to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted boſom, thus decreed
The univerſal ſenſitive of pain,
The wretched heirs of evils not its own!
Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flaſhing torrent of cœleſtial day
Burſt through the ſhadowy void. With ſlow deſcent
A purple cloud came floating through the ſky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majeſtic o'er my head,
And inſtant thunder ſhook the conſcious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the ſhining viſion ſtood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his ſhoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the tranſparent robe, around his waiſt
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in myſtic ſigns engrav'd,
I read his office high and ſacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike preſence; for athwart his brow
Diſpleaſure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like diſtant thunders broke the murmuring air.
Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy ſhort ſpan
Capacious of this univerſal frame?

Thy wiſdom all-ſufficient? Thou, alas!
Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Againſt the ſovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love,
Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union and ſuſtain'd
From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs
Of ſoftening ſorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That ſo thy ſelfiſh, unrelenting heart
Might ceaſe to mourn its lot, no longer then
The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!
He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,
As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul
Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raiſe thy ſight, he cry'd,
And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue.
I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and ſurrounding trees,
A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,
Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile

Of hills with many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd,
With many a ſable cliff and glittering ſtream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling ſprings
Waſh'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling ſoil; and ſtill at every fall
Down the ſteep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring ruſh'd the congregated floods
With hoarſer inundation; till at laſt
They reach'd a graſſy plain, which from the ſkirts
Of that high deſart ſpread her verdant lap,
And drank the guſhing moiſture, where confin'd
In one ſmooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glaſs it flow'd. Autumnal ſpoils
Luxuriant ſpreading to the rays of morn,
Bluſh'd o'er the cliffs, whoſe half-incircling mound
As in a ſylvan theatre inclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I ſpy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the ſilver ſhade
Of oſiers. Now the weſtern ſun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd acroſs the ſhadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow ſtream of light
That cheer'd the ſolemn ſcene. My liſtening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in ſilence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that cœleſtial power, the myſtic ſhow
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant

Inhabitants of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear—
Know then, the ſovran ſpirit of the world,
Though, ſelf-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep eſſence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immenſe benignity inclin'd
To ſpread around him that primæval joy
Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm
And ſounded through the hollow depth of ſpace
The ſtrong, creative mandate. Strait aroſe
Theſe heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
Through endleſs forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In meaſure ſuch, that, from the wide complex
Of co-exiſtent orders, one might riſe,
One order, all-involving and intire.
He too beholding in the ſacred light
Of his eſſential reaſon, all the ſhapes
Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
Of action propagated through the ſum
Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once,
Down the long ſeries of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd,
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme deſign,
To univerſal good: with full accord

Anſwering the mighty model he had choſen,
The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodneſs to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increaſe
Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to cœleſtial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher ſcenes of being; while ſupply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient ſwells, and every headlong ſtream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

That

That rocky pile thou ſeeſt, that verdant lawn
Freſh water'd from the mountains. Let the ſcene
Paint in thy fancy the primæval ſeat
Of man, and where the will ſupreme ordain'd
His manſion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
Along the ſhady brink; in this receſs
To wear the appointed ſeaſon of his youth,
Till riper hours ſhould open to his toil
The high communion of ſuperior minds,
Of conſecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cheriſh; nor withheld
Cœleſtial footſteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He ſent whom moſt he lov'd, the ſovran fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddeſs from whoſe inſpiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whoſe work divine, in heaven or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to paſs,
Nor hope, nor praiſe, nor honour. Her the ſire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young deſires,
And from the laws of this majeſtic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her ſide
With conſtant ſteps her gay companions ſtay'd,
The fair Euphroſyné, the gentle queen

Of ſmiles, and graceful gladneſs, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the ſhining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now diſclos'd
They quit their youthful charge and ſeek the ſkies.
I look'd, and on the flowery turf there ſtood
Between two radiant forms a ſmiling youth
Whoſe tender cheeks diſplay'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; ſweeteſt innocence illum'd
His baſhful eyes, and on his poliſh'd brow
Sate young ſimplicity. With fond regard
He view'd the aſſociates, as their ſteps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the ſtar of evening ſhe appear'd
Amid the duſky ſcene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And ſmiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy luſtre of the morn
Effuſive trembling on the placid waves.
The ſpring of heaven had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
To bind her ſable treſſes: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand ſhe wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
To chaſe the cloud of ſadneſs. More ſublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her ſteps. The preſence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,

From

From each majeſtic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cheriſh'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture ſoften'd all the ſoul.
Free in her graceful hand ſhe pois'd the ſword
Of chaſte dominion. An heroic crown
Diſplay'd the old ſimplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the ſunſhine ſtreams through vernal clouds,
Her ſtately form inveſted. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forſook the enamel'd green,
Aſcending ſlowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; cœleſtial ſounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air æthereal dews
Diſtill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Diſparting wide in midway ſky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanſe
Of empyréan flame, where ſpent and drown'd,
Afflicted viſion plung'd in vain to ſcan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I ſtood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs ſweet, or warbling ſhades,
With ſacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals! whoſe right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd
I ſeek to finiſh thy divine decree.
With frequent ſteps I viſit yonder ſeat
Of man, thy offſpring; from the tender ſeeds

Of juſtice and of wiſdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand ſhall raiſe his lot
From earth's dim ſcene to theſe æthereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this inchanting maid,
The aſſociate thou haſt given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! abſent, her he craves;
And but for her glad preſence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpoſe to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unleſs by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.
  She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Beſt image of thy author! far from thee
Be diſappointment, or diſtaſte, or blame;
Who ſoon or late ſhall every work fulfil,
And no reſiſtance find. If man refuſe
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he purſues he ne'er ſhall taſte,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
Go then! but let not this thy ſmiling friend
Partake thy footſteps. In her ſtead, behold!

With

With thee the ſon of Nemeſis I ſend;
The fiend abhorr'd! whoſe vengeance takes account
Of ſacred order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhauſt the tempeſt of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Controul his cruel phrenzy, and protect
Thy tender charge; that when deſpair ſhall graſp
His agonizing boſom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone ſufficient in the hour of ill,
To ſave his feeble ſpirit; then confeſs
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the ſtorms
Of night infernal, ſerve but to diſplay
The energy of thy ſuperior charms
With mildeſt awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And ſhining clearer in the horrid gloom.
Here ceas'd that awful voice, and ſoon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreſhing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vaſt gigantic ſpectre ſtriding on
Through murmuring thunders and a waſte of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
Relentleſs frowns involv'd. His ſavage limbs
With ſharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As through convulſive anguiſh; and his hand,
Arm'd with a ſcorpion-laſh, full oft he rais'd

In madneſs to his boſom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he ſhook
The void with horror. Silent by his ſide
The virgin came. No diſcompoſure ſtirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung around
No ſtain of darkneſs mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they ſtoop
Upon the river-bank; and now to hail,
His wonted gueſts, with eager ſteps advanc'd
The unſuſpecting inmate of the ſhade.

As when a famiſh'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine ſnows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the ſmoke
Of ſome lone village, a neglected kid
That ſtrays along the wild for herb or ſpring;
Down from the winding ridge he ſweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: ſo with tenfold rage,
The monſter ſprung remorſeleſs on his prey.
Amaz'd the ſtripling ſtood: with panting breaſt
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpleſs conſternation, ſtruck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tendereſt care
Advanc'd to ſave him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempeſtuous arm
Hung nerveleſs, nor deſcended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With ſullen rancour. Lo! the ſovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life re-kindles in his roſy cheek;

Then

Then graſps his hands, and chears him with her tongue.
O wake thee, rouze thy ſpirit! Shall the ſpite
Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To reſcue and to heal? O let thy ſoul
Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And ſoothing ſunſhine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flouriſh. Oft miſled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reaſon wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim; as if to lye
Inglorious in the fragrant ſhade, and wait
The ſoft acceſs of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Aſk thyſelf,
This pleaſing error did it never lull
Thy wiſhes? Has thy conſtant heart refus'd
The ſilken fetters of delicious eaſe?
Or when divine Euphroſyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy deſires
Hang far below the meaſure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counſels, turn away
To drink the ſoft effuſion of her ſmiles?
Know then, for this the everlaſting fire
Deprives thee of her preſence, and inſtead,
O wiſe and ſtill benevolent! ordains
This horrid viſage hither to purſue
My ſteps; that ſo thy nature may diſcern

Its real good, and what alone can ſave
Thy feeble ſpirit in this hour of ill
From folly and deſpair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy ſcatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud aſſault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the generous queſtion of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakneſs ſtrong,
This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with eaſe
Diſarm'd and quell'd, his fierceneſs he reſigns
To bondage and to ſcorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceaſing toil,
The immortal mind, ſuperior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the ſolid baſe of this great world,
Reſts on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempeſt on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble ſky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be looſen'd from their ſeats; yet ſtill ſerene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever ſtronger as the ſtorms advance,
Firm through the cloſing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the deſtin'd goal.
So ſpake the goddeſs; while through all her frame
Cœleſtial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To ſeize who liſten'd. Vehement and ſwift

As

As lightning fires the aromatic ſhade
In Æthiopian fields, the ſtripling felt
Her inſpiration catch his fervid ſoul,
And ſtarting from his languor thus exclaim'd:
Then let the trial come! and witneſs thou,
If terror be upon me; if I ſhrink
To meet the ſtorm, or faulter in my ſtrength
When hardeſt it beſets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of ſoul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou haſt chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forſake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may liſten to thy ſacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my conſtant feet.
But ſay, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, ſhall the fair Euphroſyné not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To queſtion thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercaſt
The chearful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful preſence: but permit my tongue
One glad requeſt, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O reſtore

The roſy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely ſeat, and bleſs me with her ſmiles.
He ſpoke; when inſtant through the ſable glooms
With which that furious preſence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flaſh; the melting clouds
Flew diverſe, and amid the blue ſerene
Euphroſyné appear'd. With ſprightly ſtep
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.
Lo! I am here to anſwer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we ſhall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the ſtream
Repeats the accents; we ſhall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that ſtern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever ſpake
The high decree: that thou, cœleſtial maid!
Howe'er that griſly phantom on thy ſteps
May ſometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, deſcending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphroſyné behind.
She ended; and the whole romantic ſcene
Immediate vaniſh'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each myſterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,

When

When ſun-ſhine fills the bed. A while I ſtood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the viſionary landſcape riſe,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentleſt looks
Preventing my enquiry, thus began.

There let thy ſoul acknowledge its complaint
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe:
That Virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing Fortune and intruſive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, Pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoftening ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of Paſſion ſwelling with Diſtreſs and Pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With Virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Aſk the croud

Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down: O! deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page,
Even as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon. If then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view,

When

When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires,
Lie ſide by ſide in gore; when ruffian pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-age
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Start's from thine eye, and thy extended arm

In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

PLEASURE in obſerving the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or abſurd. The origin of vice, from falſe repreſentations of the fancy, producing falſe opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general ſources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cauſe of the ſenſe of ridicule. The reſemblance of certain aſpects of inanimate things to the ſenſations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, deſcribed. The ſecondary pleaſure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illuſtrated in the arbitrary connexion of theſe pleaſures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taſte. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, ſince the indearing ties
Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
This common nature through the various change

Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
With unreſiſted charms? The ſpacious weſt,
And all the teeming regions of the ſouth
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half ſo tempting or ſo fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the ſmiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applauſe
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds. For ſince the courſe
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; ſo haply where the powers
Of fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion ſays he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the ſound of death
Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink

Of

Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in ſuch a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of ſacred ſenates, nor the guardian voice
Of juſtice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conſcious boſom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or ſtand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chuſe to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the inchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirſt
Of youth oft ſwallows a Circæan draught,
That ſheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reaſon, till no longer he diſcerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition graſps
The empire of the ſoul: thus pale revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of luſt and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling ſcene
The Tragic Muſe diſcloſes, under ſhapes
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the mind. Yet not by all
Thoſe lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling paſſions driven,

To guilty deeds; nor reaſon bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With ſolemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-anticks, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing of nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A ſtricter note: now haply muſt my ſong
Unbend her ſerious meaſure, and reveal
In lighter ſtrains, how folly's aukward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The ſportive province of the Comic Muſe.

See! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outſtrip the other, each prevent
Our careful ſearch, and offer to your gaze,
Unaſk'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us firſt arrange
In proper order your promiſcuous throng.

Behold the foremoſt band; of ſlender thought,
And eaſy faith; whom flattering fancy ſoothes
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wiſhful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In numbers boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then ſet up

For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal hand, and ſable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial ſplendor, ſteely pikes and ſwords
Of coſtly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, aſſume the port
Of ſtately valour: liſtening by his ſide
There ſtands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earneſt import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, ſtorms,
And ſulphurous mines, and ambuſh: then at once
Breaks off, and ſmiles to ſee her look ſo pale,
And aſks ſome wondering queſtion of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy enſigns, how ſublime they move,
And bending oft their ſanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the ſimple-minded throng;
Ambaſſadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whoſe viſage, in the lazy miſt
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whiſpers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy ſchemes,
And dark portents of ſtate. Ten thouſand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntleſs in, and ſwell the boaſtful band.
Then comes the ſecond order, all who ſeek
The debt of praiſe, where watchful unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her ſquinting eye
On ſome retir'd appearance which belies
The boaſted virtue, or annuls the applauſe

That

That juſtice elſe would pay. Here ſide by ſide
I ſee two leaders of the ſolemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet ſtill ſhe ſtuns
The ſickening audience with a nauſeous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how reſolv'd ſhe guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the riſques of love,
And man's ſeducing tongue! The other ſeems
A bearded ſage, ungentle in his mien,
And ſordid all his habit; peeviſh want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific phraſe
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace
Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire, more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore, but as indulgent ſtreams
To cheer the barren ſoil and ſpread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
  Another tribe ſucceeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling optics, theſe behold
The images of ſome peculiar things
With brighter hues reſplendent, and portray'd

With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinſel charms;
Hence oft obtruſive on the eye of ſcorn,
Untimely zeal her witleſs pride betrays!
And ſerious manhood from the towering aim
Of Wiſdom, ſtoops to emulate the boaſt
Of childiſh toil. Behold yon myſtic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, inſects, weeds, and ſhells!
Not with intenſer view the Samian ſage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenſer fires,
When firſt the order of that radiant ſcene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this ſurveys
A muckworm's entrails or a ſpider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and bluſhing kneels,
With fondeſt geſture and a ſuppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the buſtling world!
Adieu the ſick impertinence of praiſe!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By ſtreams and ſhades, to ſteal theſe ſighing hours,
Is all he aſks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded cenſor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Fluſh'd with thy comic triumphs and the ſpoils
Of ſly deriſion! till on every ſide
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Aſſign'd thee here thy ſtation with the ſlaves

Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In ſcoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy ſcorn.
But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the Muſe's empire hath aſſign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your ſickles; here the teeming ſoil affords
Its richeſt growth. A favourite brood appears;
In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye moſt illuſtrious band!
Who, ſcorning reaſon's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For ſouls ſublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long uſurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applauſe
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my ſong,
That for the bluſhing diffidence of youth,
It ſhuns the unequal province of your praiſe.
Thus far triumphant in the pleaſing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our ſearch: but now a daſtard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faultering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: infeebled hearts
Whom Fancy chills with viſionary fears,
Or bends to ſervile tameneſs with conceits
Of ſhame, of evil, or of baſe defect,
Fantaſtic and deluſive. Here the ſlave

Who droops abaſh'd when ſullen pomp ſurveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and ſtruck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in ſhameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here ſubdued
By frontleſs laughter and the hardy ſcorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject ſoul,
Who bluſhing half reſigns the candid praiſe
Of temperance and honour; half diſowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with ſickly ſmiles the venal mouth
With fouleſt licence mock the patriot's name.
  Laſt of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay deriſion bends her hoſtile aim,
Is that where ſhameful ignorance preſides.
Beneath her ſordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confuſion ſtraight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they ſtruggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpoſe; then at laſt
Sit down diſmay'd, and leave the entangled ſcene
For ſcorn to ſport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and ſuch the ſhapes
In which ſhe governs her obſequious train.
  Through every ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every ſwift occaſion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying nerves and choaks her tongue;

What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick obſerver: whether Pomp,
Or Praiſe, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
Invade reſplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty, or the boaſt of Praiſe.

Aſk we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth ſlow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil! yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of nature; therefore ſtamp'd
The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,

As broad, as obvious, to the paſſing clown,
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
Such are the various aſpects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whoſe unclouded thoughts
Attain that ſecret harmony which blends
The æthereal ſpirit with its mold of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That ſearchleſs nature o'er the ſenſe of man
Diffuſes, to behold, in lifeleſs things,
The inexpreſſive ſemblance of himſelf,
Of thought and paſſion. Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
The Elyſian ſeats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pauſing eye! Behold the expanſe
Of yon gay landſcape, where the ſilver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the ſprightly breeze:
Now their grey cincture ſkirts the doubtful ſun;
Now ſtreams of ſplendor, through their opening veil
Effulgent, ſweep from off the gilded lawn
The aërial ſhadows; on the curling brook,
And on the ſhady margin's quivering leaves
With quickeſt luſtre glancing; while you view
The proſpect, ſay, within your chearful breaſt
Plays not the lively ſenſe of winning mirth
With clouds and ſun-ſhine chequer'd, while the round
Of ſocial converſe, to the inſpiring tongue
Of ſome gay nymph amid her ſubject train,

Moves all obſequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of ſuch diſcordant things?
Or flows their ſemblance from that myſtic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At firſt were ſtrung? Or rather from the links
Which artful cuſtom twines around her frame?
  For when the different images of things
By chance combin'd, have ſtruck the attentive ſoul
With deeper impulſe, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er diſtinct
The external ſcenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And ſympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates riſe,
And each his former ſtation ſtrait reſumes:
One movement governs the conſenting throng,
And all at once with roſy pleaſure ſhine,
Or all are ſadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the ſame parent-ſtone, together drew
Its myſtic virtue, and at firſt conſpir'd
With fatal impulſe quivering to the pole:
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Roll'd its broad ſurge betwixt, and different ſtars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preſerv'd
The former friendſhip, and remember'd ſtill
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which once poſſeſs'd, nor pauſe, nor quiet knew

The ſure aſſociate, ere with trembling ſpeed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the ſecret union, when we feel
A ſong, a flower, a name, at once reſtore
Thoſe long-connected ſcenes where firſt they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her ſcope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of paſſions and deſigns
Attendant: whence, if pleaſing in itſelf,
The proſpect from that ſweet acceſſion gains
Redoubled influence o'er the liſtening mind.
By theſe myſterious ties the buſy power
Of memory her ideal train preſerves
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to preſent,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largeſt choice: like ſpring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling ſweetneſs, that the ſkilful bee
May taſte at will, from their ſelected ſpoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanſe
Of living lakes in ſummer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering ſhade, and ſun-bright heavens
With fairer ſemblance; not the ſculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whoſe birth the ſiſter powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial ſtar
Shed influence to the ſeeds of fancy kind;

Than his attemper'd boſom muſt preſerve
The ſeal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breath perennial ſweets: the trembling chord
Reſounds for ever in the abſtracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to diſeaſe, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating luſtre. Thus at length
Indow'd with all that nature can beſtow,
The child of fancy oft in ſilence bends
O'er theſe mixt treaſures of his pregnant breaſt,
With conſcious pride. From them he oft reſolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what ſublime reward
Of praiſe and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plaſtic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His boſom and with lovelieſt frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rowls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon then thouſand ſhapes,
Like ſpectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit ſwift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Diſcloſe their ſplendors, and the dark abyſs
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the riſing phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides
Inlarges and extenuates by turns;
Oppoſes, ranges in fantaſtic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,

Now

Now thither fluctuates his inconſtant aim,
With endleſs choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring ſeeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till roſy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant boſom, and the joyful ſun
Sprung up the blue ſerene; by ſwift degrees
Thus diſentangled, his intire deſign
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour ſmiles.
Awhile he ſtands and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, imbodied thus,
And permanent becomes to eyes or ears
An object aſcertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic ſkill,
The conſonance of ſounds, the featur'd rock,
The ſhadowy picture and impaſſion'd verſe,
Beyond their proper powers attract the ſoul
By that expreſſive ſemblance, while in ſight
Of nature's great original we ſcan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that ſublime exemplar whence it ſtole
Thoſe animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love

Doubts where to chuſe; and mortal man aſpires
To tempt creative praiſe. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid cruſts of ice
Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming ſun,
Collects his large effulgence; ſtrait the heavens
With equal flames preſent on either hand
The radiant viſage: Perſia ſtands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The ſnowy-veſted ſeer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the ſouth ſhall burn,
To which his warbled oriſons aſcend.

Such various bliſs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven! while, plung'd in ſordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harſh auſterity, from whoſe rebuke
Young love and ſmiling wonder ſhrink away
Abaſh'd and chill of heart, with ſager frowns
Condemns the fair inchantment. On my ſtrain,
Perhaps even now, ſome cold, faſtidious judge
Caſts a diſdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I ſing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave cenſor! ſay,
Is beauty then a dream, becauſe the glooms
Of dulneſs hang too heavy on thy ſenſe,
To let her ſhine upon thee? So the man
Whoſe eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
Might ſmile with ſcorn while raptur'd viſion tells
Of the gay colour'd radian e fluſhing bright
O'er all creation. From the wiſe be far
Such groſs unhallow'd pride; nor needs my ſong

Deſcend

Deſcend ſo low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what myſterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of ſound
Reſult from airy motion; and from ſhape
The lovely phantoms of ſublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing ſun
O'er the cœrulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might rowl his fiery orb; nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded and her powers
Exulting in the ſplendor ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Through all its tones the ſympathy purſue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the ſong.
  But were not nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With ſuch enchantment: Wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch ætherial ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
The impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light

Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe! Whence but from thee,
O ſource divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wondering ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurprize, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary par dif diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with ſtreams, and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, the enchanted landſcapes ſmiles.
Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What

What then is taſte, but theſe internal powers
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This, nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But God alone when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret byaſs of the ſoul.
He, mighty parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journey's homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhowers,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend

His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from its loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flowery ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſtening deer
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

Oh! bleſt of heaven, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd ſoul! What though not all

Of

Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert

Within

Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her generous powers?
Would ſordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

THREE BOOKS

OF THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 154. *Say, why was man*, &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the ſublimeſt authors of Greece, "Thoſe god-like geniuſes," ſays Longinus, "were well aſſured, that Nature "had not intended man for a low-ſpirited or ignoble "being: but bringing us into life and the midſt of "this wide univerſe, as before a multitude aſſembled "at ſome heroic ſolemnity, that we might be ſpectators "of all her magnificence, and candidates high in "emula-

" emulation for the prize of glory; ſhe has therefore " implanted in our ſouls an inextinguiſhable love of " every thing great and exalted, of every thing which " appears divine beyond our comprehenſion. Whence " it comes to paſs, that even the whole world is not " an object ſufficient for the depth and rapidity of " human imagination, which often ſallies forth be- " yond the limits of all that ſurrounds us. Let any " man caſt his eye through the whole circle of our ex- " iſtence, and conſider how eſpecially it abounds in " excellent and grand objects; he will ſoon acknow- " ledge for what enjoyments and purſuits we were " deſtined. Thus by the very propenſity of nature " we are led to admire, not little ſprings or ſhallow " rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, " the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, " the Ocean, &c." Dionyſ. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Ver. 202. *The empyreal waſte.*] " Ne ſe peut-il " point qu'il y a un grand eſpace au dela de la region " des etoiles? Que ſe ſoit le ciel empyrée, ou non, tou- " jours cet eſpace immenſe qui environne toute cette " region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur & de gloire. " Il pourra etre concu comme l'ocean, où ſe rendent " les flueves de toutes les creatures bienheureuſes, " quand elles ſeront venues à leur perfection dans le " ſyſteme des etoiles." Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. i. § 19.

Ver. 204. *Whoſe unfading light*, &c.] It was a no- tion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed

ſtars

ſtars at ſuch a diſtance from our ſolar ſyſtem, as that their light ſhould not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ——— *the neglect*
Of all familiar proſpects, &c.] It is here ſaid, that in conſequence of the love of novelty, objects which at firſt were highly delightful to the mind, loſe that effect by repeated attention to them. But the inſtance of *habit* is oppoſed to this obſervation; for *there*, objects at firſt diſtaſteful are in time rendered intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this caſe will be removed, if we conſider, that, when objects at firſt agreeable, loſe that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *paſſive* and the perception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally ſuppoſes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it: ſo that the pleaſure ariſes here not from the object, but from the mind's *conſcious* determination of its own activity; and conſequently increaſes in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will ſtill be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with diſagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to *reſolve* or *act* at all. In this caſe, the appearance muſt be accounted for, one of theſe ways.

The pleaſure from habit may be merely negative. The object at firſt gave uneaſineſs: this uneaſineſs gradually wears off as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at laſt entirely removed, reckons

kons its ſituation really pleaſurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The diſlike conceived of the object at firſt, might be owning to prejudice or want of attention. Conſequently the mind, being neceſſitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own miſtake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with averſion. In which caſe, a ſort of inſtinctive juſtice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondneſs and attachment.

Or laſtly, though the object itſelf ſhould always continue diſagreeable, yet circumſtances of pleaſure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an aſſociation may ariſe in the mind, and the object never be remembered without thoſe pleaſing circumſtances attending it; by which means the diſagreeable impreſſion which it at firſt occaſioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240. ——— *this deſire*
Of objects new *and* ſtrange ——] Theſe two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the leaſt degree of *wonder:* whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleaſure in both caſes is explicable from the ſame final cauſe, the acquiſition of knowledge and inlargement of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver.

Ver. 374. ——— *Truth and good are one,*
And beauty dwells in them, &c.] " Do " you imagine," ſays Socrates to Ariſtippus, " that " what is good is not beautiful? Have you not ob- " ſerved that theſe appearances always coincide? " Virtue, for inſtance, in the ſame reſpect as to which " we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beau- " tiful alſo. In the characters of men we always * " join the two denominations together. The beauty of " human bodies correſponds, in like manner, with " that œconomy of parts which conſtitutes them good; " and in every circumſtance of life, the ſame object " is conſtantly accounted both beautiful and good, " inaſmuch as it anſwers the purpoſes for which it " was deſigned." Xenophont. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent obſervation has been illuſtrated and extended by the noble reſtorer of ancient philoſophy; *ſee the Characteriſticks*, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly ſhewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the ſciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philoſophers aſſert an independent and invariable law in nature, in conſequence of which " all rational beings muſt alike perceive beauty in

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" ſome certain proportions, and deformity in the con-
" trary." And this neceſſity being ſuppoſed the ſame with that which commands the aſſent or diſſent of the underſtanding, it follows of courſe that *beauty* is founded on the univerſal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent proviſion in nature to annex ſo delightful a ſenſation to thoſe objects which are *beſt and moſt perfect in themſelves*, that ſo we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without ſtaying to infer their *uſefulneſs* from their ſtructure and effects; but that it is not impoſſible, in a phyſical ſenſe, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, ſhould perceive, one of them *beauty* and the other *deformity*, in the ſame proportions. And upon this ſuppoſition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to thoſe proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that ſpeices is found to depend. Polycletus, for inſtance, a famous ancient ſculptor, from an accurate menſuration of the ſeveral parts of the moſt perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or ſyſtem of proportions, which was the rule of all ſucceeding artiſts. Suppoſe a ſtatue modelled according to this: a man of mere natural taſte, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confeſſes and admires its *beauty*; whereas a profeſſor of the art applies his meaſures to the head, the neck, or the hand,

and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanſhip to be *juſt* and *true*.

Ver. 492. *As when Brutus roſe*, &c.] Cicero himſelf deſcribes this fact—" Cæſare interfecto—ſtatim " cruentum altè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ci- " ceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recupera- " tam libertatem eſt gratulatus." Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where Virtue riſing from the awful depth*
Of truth's myſterious boſom, &c.] According to the opinion of thoſe who aſſert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and univerſal law; and that which is uſually called the *moral ſenſe*, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earlieſt aſſociations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lycéum.*] The ſchool of Ariſtotle.

Ver. 592. *Academus.*] The ſchool of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyſſus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens was ſituated. Plato, in ſome of his fineſt dialogues, lays the ſcene of the converſation with Socrates on its banks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At laſt the Muſes roſe*, &c.] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; a ſort of ſtrolling bards or rhapſodiſts, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at feſtivals with muſic and poetry. They

attempted both the epic, ode, and ſatire; and abounded in a wild and fantaſtic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. Theſe were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taſte and compoſition muſt have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by thoſe who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; ſuch as Boiardo, Bernardo, Taſſo, Arioſto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valcluſa.*] The famous retreat of Franciſco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his miſtreſs Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Taſſo was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. —— *the rage*
Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. Theſe at laſt, in conjunction with the Papal power, intirely extinguiſhed the ſpirit of liberty in that country, and eſtabliſhed that abuſe of the fine arts which has been ſince propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts*, &c.] Nor were they only loſers by the ſeparation. For philoſophy itſelf, to uſe the words of a noble philoſopher, " being thus ſevered by the ſprightly arts " and ſciences, muſt conſequently grow droniſh, in- " ſipid, pedantic, uſeleſs, and directly oppoſite to the " real

" real knowledge and practice of the world." Insomuch that " a Gentleman," says another excellent writer, " cannot easily bring himself to like so austere " and ungainly a form : so greatly is it changed from " what was once the delight of the finest Gentlemen of " antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of " public affairs!" From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination ; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in England within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable ; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Passion's power alone*, &c.] This very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius resolves it into self-love :

" Suave Mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleased in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that

though theſe fictitious perſonages were ſo unhappy, yet he himſelf was perfectly at eaſe and in ſafety. The ingenious author of the *Reflections critiques ſur la poeſie & ſur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive ſtate: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends theſe emotions when natural and juſt, is certainly the true foundation of the pleaſure, which, as it is the origin and baſis of tragedy and epic, deſerved a very particular conſideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth*, &c.] The account of the œconomy of Providence here introduced, as the moſt proper to calm and ſatisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, ſeems to have come originally from the Pythagorean ſchool: but of the ancient philoſophers, Plato has moſt largely inſiſted upon it, has eſtabliſhed it with all the ſtrength of his capacious underſtanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one paſſage ſo full and clear on this head, that I am perſuaded the reader will be pleaſed to ſee it here, though ſomewhat long. Addreſſing himſelf to ſuch as are not ſatisfied concerning Divine Providence: "The Being who pre-
"ſides over the whole," ſays he, "has diſpoſed and
"complicated all things for the happineſs and virtue
"of the whole, every part of which, according to the
"extent of its influence, does and ſuffers what is fit
"and proper. One of theſe parts is yours, O unhappy
"man, which though in itſelf moſt inconſiderable and
"minute,

" minute, yet being connected with the univerſe, ever
" ſeeks to co-operate with that ſupreme order. You
" in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for
" which all particular natures are brought into exiſt-
" ence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole
" may be perfect and happy; exiſting as it does, not
" for your ſake, but the cauſe and reaſon of your ex-
" iſtence, which, as in the ſymmetry of every artificial
" work, muſt of neceſſity concur with the general de-
" ſign of the artiſt, and be ſubſervient to the whole of
" which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is
" ignorant and groundleſs; ſince, according to the
" various energy of creation, and the common laws
" of nature, there is a conſtant proviſion of that which
" is beſt at the ſame time for you and for the whole.—
" For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all
" the actions of animated and ſelf-moving creatures,
" and that mixture of good and evil which diverſifies
" them, conſidered firſt of all by what diſpoſition of
" things, and by what ſituation of each individual in
" the general ſyſtem, vice might be depreſſed and ſub-
" dued, and virtue made ſecure of victory and happi-
" neſs, with the greateſt facility, and in the higheſt de-
" gree poſſible: In this manner he ordered through
" the entire circle of being, the internal conſtitution
" of every mind, where ſhould be its ſtation in the
" univerſal fabric, and through what variety of cir-
" cumſtances it ſhould proceed in the whole tenour of
" its exiſtence." He goes on in his ſublime manner
to aſſert a future ſtate of retribution, " as well for thoſe

" who, by the exerciſe of good diſpoſitions being " harmonized and aſſimilated into the divine virtue, " are conſequently removed to a place of unblemiſhed " ſanctity and happineſs; as of thoſe who by the moſt " flagitious arts have riſen from contemptible begin- " nings to the greateſt affluence and power, and whom " you therefore look upon as unanſwerable inſtances " of negligence in the gods, becauſe you are igno- " rant of the purpoſes to which they are ſubſervient, " and in what manner they contribute to that ſupreme " intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, eſpecially abroad, in a manner which ſubverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preſerve it, and has been in that reſpect imitated by the beſt of his followers.

Ver, 321. —— *one might riſe,*
One order, &c.] See the Meditations of Antoninus, and the Characteriſtics, paſſim.

Ver. 355. *The beſt and faireſt,* &c.] This opinion is ſo old, that Timæus Locrus calls the Supreme Being δημιουργὸς τῶ βελτίονος, " the artificer of that which is " beſt;" and repreſents him as reſolving in the beginning to produce the moſt excellent work, and as copying the world moſt exactly from his own intelligible and eſſential idea; " ſo that it yet remains, as it was " at firſt, perfect in beauty, and will never ſtand in " need of any correction or improvement." There can be no room for a caution here, to underſtand the expreſſions,

expreſſions, not of any particular circumſtances of human life ſeparately conſidered, but of the ſum or univerſal ſyſtem of life and being. See alſo the viſion at the end of the Theodicée of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame aſcends*, &c.] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural conſequence of his principles. But the diſquiſition is too complex and extenſive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18. —— *where the powers*
Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the moſt important points in moral philoſophy. It were eaſy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almoſt all the paſſions, and mixes with almoſt every circumſtance of action or pleaſure. Let any man, even of the coldeſt head and ſobereſt induſtry, analyſe the idea of what he calls his intereſt; he will find that it conſiſts chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variouſly combined into one ſyſtem, the idol which he ſeeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and ſelf-denial. It is on this account of the laſt conſequence to regulate theſe images by the ſtandard of nature and the general good; otherwiſe the imagination, by heightening ſome objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by repreſenting others in a more

odious or terrible ſhape than they deſerve, may of courſe engage us in purſuits utterly inconſiſtent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things ſuppoſes the paſſions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in ſome a natural and hereditary diſpoſition to certain paſſions prior to all circumſtances of education or fortune; it may be anſwered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miſer*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which ſhall render his imagination more liable to be ſtruck with ſome particular objects, conſequently diſpoſe him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain paſſions of a particular turn. Some men, for inſtance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vaſt and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aſpects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the diſpoſition of the moral powers is always ſimilar to this of the imagination; that thoſe who are moſt inclined to admire prodigious and ſublime objects in the phyſical world, are alſo moſt inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While thoſe who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *ſweetneſs* of colours, and forms, and ſounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the ſofter ſcenes of virtue and the ſympathies of a domeſtic life. And this is ſufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philoſophers, though we have ſeveral hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon

upon morals among the remains of the Socratic ſchool, yet the Stoics were the firſt who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impoſſible to preſerve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inſpecting thoſe pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the diſcourſes of Epictetus, are full of the ſame ſentiment; inſomuch that the latter makes the Χρῆσις οἵα, δεῖ φαντασιῶν, or "right management of the fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than ſtupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See alſo the Characteriſtics, vol. i. from p. 313, to 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embelliſhed with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Ver. 75.—*how folly's aukward arts*, &c.] Notwithſtanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the ſciences, it has been almoſt conſtantly neglected or miſrepreſented, by divines eſpecially. The manner of treating theſe ſubjects in the ſcience of human nature, ſhould be preciſely the ſame as in natural philoſophy; from particular facts to inveſtigate the ſtated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus diſcovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of uſeful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremoſt band*, &c.] The firſt and moſt general ſource of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or ſelf-applauſe for ſome deſirable quality

quality or poſſeſſion which evidently does not belong to thoſe who aſſume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the ſecond order*, &c.] Ridicule from the ſame vanity, where, though the poſſeſſion be real, yet no merit can ariſe from it, becauſe of ſome particular circumſtances, which, though obvious to the ſpectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe ſucceeds*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects diſproportioned to their intrinſic value, and inconſiſtent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is abſolutely odious or contemptible. This is the higheſt degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diſeaſes or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant*, &c.] Ridicule from falſe ſhame or groundleſs fear.

Ver. 228. *Laſt of the*, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of ſuch things as our circumſtances require us to know.

Ver. 248.—*Suffice it to have ſaid*, &c.] By comparing theſe general ſources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every ſpecies. The moſt important circumſtance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we ſhall ſubjoin here. Ariſtotle's account of the matter ſeems both imperfect and falſe; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, ſays he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἶσχος, ἀνώδυνον

ἀνώδυνον καὶ ἐ φθαρτικόν: "the ridiculous is ſome cer-
"tain fault or turpitude without pain, and not de-
"ſtructive to its ſubject." (Poët. c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many inſtances of ſuch a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not diſtinguiſh the thing deſigned. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the deſtruction of its ſubject, we may ſtill be ſenſible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener ſenſations of pity or terror baniſh the ludicrous apprehenſion from our minds. For the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or diſagreement of ideas; but a paſſion or emotion of the mind conſequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or diſagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, becauſe it is engroſſed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that ſome men think thoſe objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; becauſe in them they excite a much intenſer and more important feeling. And this difference, among other cauſes, has brought a good deal of confuſion into this queſtion.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is ſome
"ground of admiration or eſteem connected with other
"more general circumſtances comparatively worthleſs
"or deformed; or it is ſome circumſtance of turpi-
"tude or deformity connected with what is in general
excellent

" excellent or beautiful: the inconſiſtent properties " exiſting either in the objects themſelves, or in the " apprehenſion of the perſon to whom they relate; " belonging always to the ſame order or claſs of be- " ings; imply ſentiment or deſign; and exciting no " acute or vehement emotion of the heart."

To prove the ſeveral parts of this definition: " The " appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a " general condition comparatively ſordid or deformed," is ridiculous: for inſtance, pompous pretenſions of wiſdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Ariſtophanes; and the oſtentations of military glory with cowardice and ſtupidity in the Thraſo of Terence.

" The appearance of deformity or turpitude in con- " junction with what is in general excellent or vene- " rable," is alſo ridiculous: for inſtance, the perſonal weakneſſes of a magiſtrate appearing in the ſolemn and public functions of his ſtation.

" The incongruous properties may either exiſt in " the objects themſelves, or in apprehenſion of the " perſon to whom they relate:" in the laſt-mentioned inſtance, they both exiſt in the objects; in the inſtances from Ariſtophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehenſion of the ridiculous character.

" The inconſiſtent properties muſt belong to the ſame " order or claſs of being." A coxcomb in fine clothes, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; becauſe his general apprehenſion of excellence and eſteem is referred to the ſplendour and expence of his

his dreſs. A man of ſenſe and merit, in the ſame circumſtances, is not counted ridiculous: becauſe the general ground of excellence and eſteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehenſion, of a very different ſpecies.

"Every ridiculous object implies ſentiment or de-"ſign." A column placed by an architect without a capital or baſe, is laughed at: the ſame column in a ruin cauſes a very different ſenſation.

And laſtly, "the occurrence muſt excite no acute or "vehement emotion of the heart," ſuch as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that caſe, as was obſerved above, the mind is not at leiſure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this deſcription, and whether it comprehend every ſpecies and form of the ridiculous, muſt be determined by repeated applications of it to particular inſtances.

Ver. 259. *Aſk we for what fair end*, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* ſenſe or feeling of the ridiculous, and ſince ſo good a reaſon may be aſſigned to juſtify the Supreme Being for beſtowing it; one cannot without aſtoniſhment reflect on the conduct of thoſe men who imagine it is for the ſervice of true religion to vilify and blacken it without diſtinction, and endeavour to perſuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cauſe. Ridicule is not concerned with mere ſpeculative truth or falſehood. It is not in abſtract propoſitions or theorems, but in actions and paſſions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all theſe

terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To aſk them whether *ridicule be a teſt of truth*, is, in other words, to aſk whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be juſt and becoming; or whether that which is juſt and becoming, can be ridiculous. A queſtion that does not deſerve a ſerious anſwer. For it is moſt evident, that, as in a metaphyſical propoſition offered to the underſtanding for its aſſent, the faculty of reaſon examines the terms of the propoſition, and finding one idea, which was ſuppoſed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of conſequence rejects the propoſition as a falſehood; ſo, in objects offered to the mind for its eſteem or applauſe, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we obſerve ſuch a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconſiſtent circumſtances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our buſineſs, if the matter be of importance to ſociety, to drag out thoſe latent circumſtances, and, by ſetting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falſehood* ſooner than in the way of ſpeculative inquiry, and impreſs the minds of men with a ſtronger ſenſe of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is ſaid, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconſiſtent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I anſwer, the practice fairly

managed

managed can never be dangerous; men may be diſhoneſt in obtaining circumſtances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing thoſe circumſtances to impoſe upon us; but the ſenſe of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Ariſtophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:—True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moraliſt and father of ancient wiſdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philoſopher from detecting and diſclaiming thoſe foreign circumſtances which he had falſely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the ſatiriſt doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheleſs had an ill influence on the minds of the people, And ſo has the reaſoning of Spinoza made many atheiſts: he has founded it indeed on ſuppoſitions utterly falſe; but allow him theſe, and his concluſions are unavoidably true. And if we muſt reject the uſe of ridicule, becauſe, by the impoſition of falſe circumſtances, things may be made to ſeem ridiculous, which are not ſo in themſelves; why we ought not in the ſame manner to reject the uſe of reaſon, becauſe, by proceeding on falſe principles, concluſions will appear true which are impoſſible in nature, let the vehement and obſtinate declaimers againſt ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpreſſive ſemblance*, &c.] This ſimilitude is the foundation of almoſt all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles*, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Proluſ. vi. Academ. 2. c. v.

Ver.

Ver. 348. *By theſe myſterious ties*, &c.] The act of remembering ſeems almoſt wholly to depend on the aſſociation of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle*, &c.] This relates to the different ſorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artiſts are rendered palpable to the ſenſes; as by ſounds, in muſic: by lines and ſhadows, in painting; by diction in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. ——*One purſues*
The vaſt alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs*, &c.]

" O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
" Under the plantane ſhade; and all the day
" With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c."

Waller, Battle of the Summer-Iſlands, Canto I.

And again,

" While in the park I ſing, the liſtening deer
" Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear, &c."

At Pens-hurſt.

Ver. 593. *Not a breeze*, &c.] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than juſt in philoſophy, it may be proper to produce the ſentiment of one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of men on this head; one ſo little to be ſuſpected of partiality in the caſe, that he reckons it among thoſe favours for which he was eſpecially thankful to the gods, that they had not ſuffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, leſt by that means he ſhould have been diverted from purſuits of more importance

importance to his high ſtation. Speaking of the beauty of univerſal nature, he obſerves, that "there is a "pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we per- "ceive," when once we conſider its connection with that general order. He inſtances in many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a ſenſibility of "temper with a juſt comprehenſion of the univerſal "order—will diſcern many amiable things, not cre- "dible to every mind, but to thoſe alone who have "entered into an honourable familiarity with nature "and her works." M. Antonin. iii. 2.

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

A

POEM.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleaſures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flouriſhing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm ſea by moon light; or from works of art, ſuch as a noble edifice, a muſical tune, a ſtatue, a picture, a poem. In treating of theſe pleaſures, we muſt begin with the former claſs; they being original to the other; and nothing more being neceſſary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatneſs and beauty, and of thoſe appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the ſubject of the firſt book of the following poem.

But the pleaſures which we receive from the elegant arts, from muſic, ſculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (beſides greatneſs and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent repreſentations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumſtances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other paſſions. Theſe moral and intellectual objects are deſcribed in the ſecond book; to which the third properly belongs as an epiſode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned cauſes of pleaſure, which are univerſal in the courſe of human life and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: ſuch are the novelty of objects, the aſſociation of ideas, affections of the bodily ſenſes, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illuſtrate theſe, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taſte, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleaſures of the imagination belong to the human ſpecies in general. But there are certain particular men whoſe imagination is endowed with powers, and ſuſceptible of pleaſures, which the generality of mankind never participate, theſe are the men of genius, deſtined by nature to excell in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is propoſed therefore, in the laſt place, to delineate that genius which in ſome degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar conſideration of poetry: inaſmuch as poetry is the moſt extenſive of thoſe arts, the moſt philoſophical, and the moſt uſeful.

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MDCCLVII.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleaſures of the human imagination proceed either from greatneſs or beauty in external objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs; with its final cauſe. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the

*Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular ſenſe, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper eſtimate or judgment concerning them.

divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The ſubordination of local beauties to the beauty of the univerſe. Concluſion.

WITH what inchantment nature's goodly ſcene
Attracts the ſenſe of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler ſtill
Prepare; how men by various leſſons learn
To judge of beauty's praiſe; what raptures fill
The breaſt with fancy's native arts indow'd
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verſe unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers
Ye guardians of the ſacred taſk, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majeſtic meaſures, leading on
His doubtful ſtep through many a ſolemn path
Conſcious of ſecrets which to human ſight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favour make him wiſe to ſpeak
Of all your wonderous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that thoſe, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourſelves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name; or Muſe, or Grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the ſons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou doſt there
The perfect counſels read, the ideas old,

Of

Of thine omniſcient father; known on earth
By the ſtill horror and the bliſsful tear
With which thou ſeizeſt on the ſoul of man;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent. And with thee
Let Fiction come; on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thouſand colors; which in ſport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre
Whoſe awful tones control the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony deſcend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their myſtic rites,
Wiſe Order: and, where Order deigns to come,
Her ſiſter, Liberty, will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering ſtep
New to your ſprings and ſhades; who touch their ear
With finer ſounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The faireſt, loftieſt countenance of things.
Nor thou, my Dyſon, to the lay refuſe
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though firſt
In years unſeaſon'd, haply ere the ſports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many ſplendid proſpects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conſcious whence they ſprung.

Nor

Nor heedful of their end? yet ſerious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, ſequeſter'd theme
Aſſerted ſoon; while falſehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleaſure, ſhe at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careleſs toil
Drew to the better cauſe. Maturer aid
Thy friendſhip added, in the paths of life,
The buſy paths, my unaccuſtom'd feet
Preſerving: nor to truth's receſs divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten ſpace,
Withholding ſurer guidance; while by turns
We trac'd the ſages old, or while the queen
Of ſciences (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintery lamp
Inclin'd her ſceptre, favouring. Now the fates
Have other taſks impos'd. To thee, my friend,
The miniſtry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they ſent
To wait on pain; and ſilent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares,
To ſuch as languiſh on a grievous bed,
Eaſe and the ſweet forgetfulneſs of ill
Conciliate: nor delightleſs; if the Muſe,
Her ſhades to viſit and to taſte her ſprings,
If ſome diſtinguiſh'd hours the bounteous Muſe
Impart, and grant (what ſhe and ſhe alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand thoſe wreaths
Of fame and honeſt favor, which the bleſs'd

Wear

Wear in Elyſium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That theſe my hand for thee and for myſelf
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early choſen, ever found the ſame,
And truſted and belov'd; once more the verſe
Long deſtin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend, indulgent. So in lateſt years,
When time thy head with honors ſhall have cloath'd
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of ſeaſons paſt,
Fair offices of friendſhip or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall theſe happy ſtudies of our prime.
From heaven my ſtrains begin. From heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the choſen breaſt,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd.
And inſpiration. Ere the riſing ſun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her ſilver lamp ſuſpended: ere
The vales with ſprings were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great ſpirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep eſſence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant ſun; the moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the ſtreams; the ample ſtores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the firſt,
On that full ſcene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,

What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame:
Hence the green earth, and wild-reſounding waves:
Hence light and ſhade, alternate; warmth and cold;
And bright autumnal ſkies, and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of ſocial life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wiſeſt care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impreſs'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven. To ſome ſhe gave
To ſearch the ſtory of eternal thought;
Of ſpace, and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But ſome to nobler hopes
Were deſtin'd: ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aſpects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty ſketches of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's flowery ſtore,

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dreſs'd in attractive ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait ſcan)
Thoſe lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel their force,
Inamor'd: they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmoſt frame ſent forth
Spontaneous muſic; ſo doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of thoſe kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of ſound
Melodious, or of motion aptly ſped)
Detains the enliven'd ſenſe; till ſoon the ſoul
Feels the deep concord, and aſſents through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuſeth its inchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high diſcourſe with prophets old,
And wandering through Elyſium, fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, of o'erſhadowing groves,
Whoſe walks with godlike harmony reſound:
Fountains, which Homer viſits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, ſuſpends his graver cares,
And ſmiles. The paſſions, to divine repoſe
Perſuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, ſuch as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,

Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch;
Whom nature's aſpect, nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command; O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient ſtore,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected ſcenes,
With love and admiration thus inſpire
Attentive fancy, her delighted ſons
In two illuſtrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whoſe ruſtic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whoſe daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, ſtill the form,
Which fancy worſhips, or ſublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim, I ſee them dawn:
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why impower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In conteſt with his equals, who ſhall beſt
The taſk atchieve, the courſe of noble toils,
By wiſdom and by mercy preordain'd?

Might ſend him forth the ſovran good to learn;
To chace each meaner purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the pelting ſtorms of chance and pain,
To hold ſtrait on with conſtant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlaſting palm,
The approving ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That ſeeks from day to day ſublimer ends;
Happy, though reſtleſs? Why departs the ſoul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To graſp the good ſhe knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the ſpacious field
Of ſcience, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raiſe up ſcenes in which her own deſires
Contented may repoſe; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Her temper, ſtill demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
Her ſtrength ſeverely prov'd? To theſe high aims,
Which reaſon and affection prompt in man,
Not adverſe nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world preſents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breaſt
E'er doubts, before the tranſient and minute,
To prize the vaſt, the ſtable, the ſublime?
Who, that from heights aërial ſends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and ſurveys

Indus or Ganges rolling h s broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through ſpacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of ſome penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the ſoul
Conſent her ſoaring fancy to reſtrain
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings,
Deſtin'd for higheſt heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers ſhall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the ſun, and views the ſmall
Attendant orbs, beneath his ſacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluſter'd iſles
Whoſe rocky ſhores to the glad ſailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning: for a while
With pride ſhe ſees his firm, paternal ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But ſoon ſhe quits
That proſpect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of comets; through the conſtellations holds
Her courſe, and now looks back on all the ſtars
Whoſe blended flames as with a milky ſtream
Part the blue region. Empyréan tracts,
Where happy ſouls beyond their concave heaven
Abide, ſhe then explores, whence purer light
For countleſs ages travels through the abyſs
Nor hath in ſight of mortals yet arriv'd.

Upon

Upon the wide creation's utmoſt ſhore
At length ſhe ſtands, and the dread ſpace beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling: nathleſs down
The gloomy void, aſtoniſh'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulph
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker ſaid
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find contentment; but, from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks inlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection fill the ſcen
But lo, where beauty, dreſs'd in gentler pomp,
With comely ſteps advancing, claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire. O beauty, ſource of praiſe,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeleſs things;
O thou that kindleſt in each human heart
Love, and the wiſh of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other boſoms what ſo charms
Their own; O child of nature and the ſoul,
In happieſt hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightneſs can reveal
Through thoſe dim organs, whoſe corporeal touch

O'erſhadoweth thy pure eſſence. Yet, my Muſe,
If fortune call thee to the taſk, wait thou
Thy favourable ſeaſons: then, while fear
And doubt are abſent, through wide nature's bounds
Expatiate with glad ſtep, and chooſe at will
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifeſt unblemiſh'd beauty's praiſe,
And o'er the breaſts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the iſles
Atlantic, to the rich Heſperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the ſoil, the ripening cluſters ſwell,
Turning aſide their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights, till every hilloc grows
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou that Theſſalian landſcape trace,
Where flow Penéus his clear glaſſy tide
Draws ſmooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Oſſa and the pathleſs woods unſhorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the ſtream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Imbrace the vale of Tempe; from each ſide
Aſcending ſteep to heaven, a rocky mound
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python ſlain.
Fair Tempe! on whoſe primroſe banks the morn
Awoke

Awoke moſt fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and ſhadows moſt ſublime:
Whoſe lawns, whoſe glades, ere human footſteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of ſylvan powers immortal; where they ſate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath ſome arbor branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round hung on the inſtructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er ſome open dale
Danc'd in light meaſures to his ſevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung ſhowers of painted bloſſoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual ſpring. But if our taſk
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us haſten to the rural haunt
Where young Meliſſa dwells. Nor thou refuſe
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footſteps turn:
Here, to thy own unqueſtionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy poliſh'd brow,
Aſſenting; and the gladneſs of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wiſhed light
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder ſtream,
Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander; where the hills
Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the weſtern ſun
O'er fields and floods, o'er every living ſoul,

Diffuſeth glad repoſe! There while I ſpeak
Of beauty's honours, thou, Meliſſa, thou
Shalt hearken, not unconſcious. While I tell
How firſt from heaven ſhe came: how after all
The works of life, the elemental ſcenes,
The hours, the ſeaſons, ſhe had oft explor'd,
At length her favourite manſion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form: what pleaſing ties
To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
They lend each other's power; and how divine
Their union, ſhould ſome ambitious maid,
To all the inchantment of the Idalian queen,
Add ſanctity and wiſdom: while my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Meliſſa, thou may'ſt feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inſpir'd;
But ſoon the ſmile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all
That ſoft cheek ſpringing to the marble neck,
Which bends aſide in vain, revealing more
What it would then keep ſilent, and in vain
The ſenſe of praiſe diſſembling. Then my ſong
Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breaſt of man,
Should ſound in numbers worthy of ſuch a theme:
While all whoſe ſouls have ever felt the force
Of thoſe inchanting paſſions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobſcur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
Of fortune can beſtow; nor, to confirm

Their

Their ſway, ſhould awful contemplation ſcorn
To join his dictates to the genuine ſtrain
Of pleaſure's tongue; nor yet ſhould pleaſure's ear
Be much averſe. Ye chiefly, gentle band
Of youths and virgins, who through many a wiſh
And many a fond purſuit, as in ſome ſcene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd
By various beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean, on bleſs'd Religion's ſeat
Preſenting Superſtition's gloomy form,
To daſh your ſoothing hopes: I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
And ſcare you from your joys. My chearful ſong
With happier omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where uſe
And aptitude are ſtrangers? is her praiſe
Confeſs'd in aught whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? or did nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lye,
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And win each fond admirer into ſnares,
Foil'd, baffled? No. With better providence
The general mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous deſire,

Doth objects the compleateſt of their tribe
Diſtinguiſh and commend. Yon flowery bank
Cloath'd in the ſoft magnificence of ſpring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they aſk
The reedy fen for paſture? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the moſſy rock,
Yields it leſs wholeſome beverage to the worn
And thirſty traveller, than the ſtanding pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine
Whoſe lean and ſullen cluſters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-preſs or the bowl
Report of her, as of the ſwelling grape
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When firſt it meets the ſun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and ſenſe adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a ſtate intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and every function well perform'd?
  Thus then at firſt was beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth, would ye diſſolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a raſh and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering ſcene
Which beauty ſeems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the ſuffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly? Wanting theſe,

Lo,

Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindlieſt inmate of the youthful breaſt,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward ſloth
Sitting in ſilence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far leſs
Let ſcorn of wild fantaſtic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's ſavage pride
Perſuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The ſacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
Though ſuperſtition, tyranneſs abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majeſtic pair
With threats and execration ſtill demands;
Though the tame wretch, who aſks of her the way
To their celeſtial dwelling, ſhe conſtrains
To quench or ſet at nought the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerleſs wild
Though forth ſhe leads him credulous and dark
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply ſhe plunge him into cloiſter'd cells
And manſions unrelenting as the grave
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the ſcreaming owl's
Dire ſong, with ſpectres or with guilty ſhades
To talk of pangs and everlaſting woe;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Preſides o'er your adventure. From the bower

Where Wiſdom ſate with her Athenian ſons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom god-like love can well command?
Then ſhould my powerful voice at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; ſhould in words divine
Relate how favour'd minds like you inſpir'd,
And taught their inſpiration to conduct
By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
And proſpects various, but delightful all,
Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
Of empire with the curule throne, or now
The domes of contemplation and the Muſe.
Led by that hope ſublime, whoſe cloudleſs eye
Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth
Diſcerns the nobler life reſerv'd for heaven,
Favour'd alike they worſhip round the ſhrine
Where truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O! let not us
By Pleaſure's lying blandiſhments detain'd,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O! let not us one moment pauſe to join
That choſen band. And if the gracious power,
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation grant anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then through all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre

Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge free virtue's ſteps, and to her ſide
Summon that ſtrong divinity of ſoul
Which conquers chance and fate: or on the height,
The goal aſſign'd her, haply to proclaim
Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
Of uncorrupted praiſe; through future worlds
To follow her interminated way,
And bleſs heaven's image in the heart of man.

Such is the worth of Beauty: ſuch her power,
So blameleſs, ſo rever'd. It now remains,
In juſt gradation through the various ranks
Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
Riſe in due meaſure, watchful to attend
The ſteps of riſing nature. Laſt and leaſt,
In colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
Of ſimpleſt, eaſieſt meaſure; in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
To ſymmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted ſhells along ſome winding ſhore
Catch with indented folds the glancing ſun.
Next, as we riſe, appear the blooming tribes
Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw from her
Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
Yet, in their ſeed, immortal; ſuch the flowers

With

With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and ſuch the groves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowl of Ariconian ſwains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler ſtill
Is Beauty's name where, to the full conſent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing ſenſe is given,
While active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno: ſo the ſteed
With rival ſwiftneſs beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What ſublimer pomp
Adorns the ſeat where Virtue dwells on earth,
And Truth's eternal day-light ſhines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming ſmiles,
Chief of terreſtrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her moſt conſpicuous praiſe to Matter lent,
Where moſt conſpicuous through that ſhadowy veil
Breaks forth the bright expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps directing our inraptur'd ſearch
To him, the firſt of minds; the chief, the ſole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, conſenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all diſplay.
He, God moſt high (bear witneſs, earth and heaven)

The living fountains in himſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime. With him inthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his ſupreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded ſtate,
Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; thee the ſluggiſh earth and tract
Of ſeas, the heavens and heavenly ſplendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great eſſence, forth didſt thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'ſt her dominion to erect her ſeat,
And ſanctify the manſion. All her works
Well pleas'd thou didſt behold. The gloomy fires
Of ſtorm or earthquake, and the pureſt light
Of ſummer; ſoft Campania's new-born roſe
And the ſlow weed, which pines on Ruſſian hills,
Comely alike to thy full viſion ſtand:
To thy ſurrounding viſion, which unites
All eſſences and powers of the great world
In one ſole order, fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the firſt. Thou alſo, Ancient Mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngeſt ſon,
Refuſing no convenient gift nor good;

Their eyes didſt open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Thoſe ſtarry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
Didſt thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded ſight
She ſtands (for never ſhall created ſoul
Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds,
The ſame in ſhape or features didſt thou frame
Her image. Meaſuring well their different ſpheres
Of ſenſe and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different teſt
Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Moſt apt, moſt faithful. Thence inform'd, they ſcan
The objects that ſurround them; and ſelect,
Since the great whole diſclaims their ſcanty view,
Each for himſelf ſelects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the ſtandard fix'd by heaven
Within his breaſt approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O ſupreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, conſummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And neareſt to thy counſels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who ſhe is,
Or what her likeneſs, know not. Man ſurveys
A narrower ſcene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his paſſive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things

The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye diſcloſe.
The powers which move his ſenſe with inſtant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, repoſits. Other powers
And features of the ſelf-ſame thing (unleſs
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Requeſt their cloſe alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with ſelf-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his paſſions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half diſowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the ſhapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconſcious of their purpoſe, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whoſe proud deſires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, faſtidious: aſking ſtill
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's groſs communion; to ſecure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may ſuit her mien,
Where'er he finds them ſcatter'd through the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he ſeats
The accompliſh'd image deep within his breaſt,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
Thus the one beauty of the world intire,
The univerſal Venus, far beyond
The keeneſt effort of created eyes,
And their moſt wide horizon, dwells inthron'd

In ancient ſilence. At her footſtool ſtands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unſullied, unconſum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of ſiſters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in ſtature, and expreſſive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal ſhrine in turns they come,
Each with her ſacred lamp; that from the ſource
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its luſtre they may draw
For days, or months, or years; for ages, ſome;
As their great parent's diſcipline requires.
Then to their ſeveral manſions they depart,
In ſtars, in planets, through the unknown ſhores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the ſurface of this rolling earth,
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd ſolemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites ſublime. There each her deſtin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the ſkies
Brought down, and ſhines throughout her little ſphere,
Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
Turn towards a diſtant flame, ſo ſome fit eye,
Among the various tenants of the ſcene,
Diſcerns the heaven-born phantom ſeated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide univerſe,
Through all the ſeaſons of revolving worlds,

Bears witneſs with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's bliſsful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration ſtill reſounds:
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the maſter's hand
To the ſweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.
Genius of ancient Greece, whoſe faithful ſteps
Have led us to theſe awful ſolitudes
Of Nature and of Science; nurſe rever'd
Of generous counſels and heroic deeds;
O! let ſome portion of thy matchleſs praiſe
Dwell in my breaſt, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Heſper ſheds along the vernal heaven,
If I, from vulgar ſuperſtition's walk,
Impatient ſteal, and from the unſeemly rites
Of ſplendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and ſo elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminiſh'd, hid his face
Among the herd of ſatraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear,
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
Of civil wiſdom, thy unconquer'd youth

After ſome glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive ſhades
Of Academus, and the ſacred vale
Haunted by ſteps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Iliſſus, by Socratic ſounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring ſteep
With beauteous Orithyìa, his love-tale
In ſilent awe ſuſpended. There let me
With blameleſs hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of antient Wiſdom: while I add
(What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praiſe)
Thy name and native dreſs, thy works belov'd
And honour'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MDCCLXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the ſubject. Of truth and its three claſſes, matter of fact, experimental or ſcientifical truth, (contradiſtinguiſhed from opinion) and univerſal truth: which laſt is either metaphyſical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abſtracted. On the power of diſcerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumſtance eſſential to virtue. Of virtue conſidered in the divine mind as a perpetual and univerſal benificence. Of human virtue, conſidered as a ſyſtem of particular ſentiments and actions, ſuitable to the deſign of providence and the condition of man; to whom it conſtitutes the chief good and the firſt beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cauſe. Of

the paſſions; particularly of thoſe which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleaſure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleaſing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the ſcenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, inamour'd. Now my ſong
Severer themes demand: myſterious truth;
And virtue, ſovran good: the ſpells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dreadful ſway
Of paſſion; and whatever hidden ſtores
From her own lofty deeds and from herſelf
The mind acquires. Severer argument:
Not leſs attractive; nor deſerving leſs
A conſtant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatneſs, or pomp, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, ſoon feeble grows,
As the blunt arrow 'gainſt the knotty trunk,
Their impulſe on the ſenſe: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; aſks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of paſſion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundleſs as her own deſires
Can there converſe: by theſe unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd ſtill, with eager act

She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the ſcenes
Now opening round us. May the deſtin'd verſe
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obſcure and arduous! May the ſource of light,
All-preſent, all-ſufficient, guide our ſteps
Through every maze: and whom in childiſh years
From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didſt apart ſend forth to ſpeak
In tuneful Words concerning higheſt things,
Him ſtill do thou, O Father, at thoſe hours
Of penſive freedom when the human ſoul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him ſtill
Touch thou with ſecret leſſons: call thou back
Each erring thought; and let the yielding ſtrains
From his full boſom, like a welcome rill
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow!
But from what name, what favorable ſign,
What heavenly auſpice, rather ſhall I date
My perilous excurſion, than from truth,
That neareſt inmate of the human ſoul;
Eſtrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man diſfigur'd and diſhonor'd ſinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the tranſient boons of ſenſe
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone
Of ſublunary beings was it given
Each fleeting impulſe on the ſenſual powers
At leiſure to review; with equal eye
To ſcan the paſſion of the ſtricken nerve

Or the vague object ſtriking: to conduct
From ſenſe, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, preſſing, fluctuating forms,
And queſtion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied they haunt
The avenues of ſenſe: what laws direct
Their union; and what various diſcords riſe,
Or fix'd or caſual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words expreſs,
That living image of the external ſcene,
As in a poliſh'd mirror held to view,
Is truth: where'er it varies from the ſhape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the ſame ſociety of forms
In the ſame order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their ſteps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with ſome diviner's tongue,
Affirms what heaven in every diſtant place,
Through every future ſeaſon, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and ſlow
Has authoriz'd their ſentence, this is truth;
A ſecond, higher kind: the parent this
Of ſcience; or the lofty power herſelf,
Science herſelf: on whom the wants and cares
Of ſocial life depend; the ſubſtitute

Of God's own wiſdom in this toilſome world;
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's courſe:
Too much in vain. His duller viſual ray
The ſtillneſs and the perſevering acts
Of nature oft elude; and fortune oft
With ſtep fantaſtic from her wonted walk
Turns into mazes dim. His ſight is foil'd;
And the crude ſentence of his faltering tongue
Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd
And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'ſt thine ear
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pauſe, and be watchful. Hitherto the ſtores,
Which feed thy mind and exerciſe her powers,
Partake the reliſh of their native ſoil,
Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
Her ſire at birth decreed her; purer gifts
From his own treaſure; forms which never deign'd
In eyes or ears to dwell, within the ſenſe
Of earthly organs; but ſublime were plac'd
In his eſſential reaſon, leading there
That vaſt ideal hoſt which all his works
Through endleſs ages never will reveal.
Thus then indow'd, the feeble creature man,
The ſlave of hunger, and the prey of death,
Even now, even here, in earth's dim priſon bound,
The language of intelligence divine
Attains; repeating oft concerning one
And many, paſt and preſent, parts and whole,

Thoſe ſovran dictates which in fartheſt heaven,
Where no orb rowls, eternity's fix'd ear
Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's ſelf
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere, long, o'er this corporeal world he learns
To extend her ſway; while calling from the deep,
From earth and air, their multitudes untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family ſome ſingle birth
He ſets in view, the impartial type of all
Its brethren; ſuffering it to claim, beyond
Their common heritage, no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this diſcerns, his bold unerring tongue
Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound,
Without condition. Such the riſe of forms
Sequeſter'd far from ſenſe and every ſpot
Peculiar in the realms of ſpace or time:
Such is the throne which man for truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unſhaken, ſtill; and whence he views,
In matter's mouldering ſtructures, the pure forms
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
Impaſſive all; whoſe attributes nor force
Nor fate can alter. There he firſt conceives
True being, and an intellectual world
The ſame this hour and ever. Thence he deems
Of his own lot; above the painted ſhapes
That fleeting move o'er this terreſtrial ſcene

Looks up; beyond the adamantine gates
Of death expatiates; as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God;
Prepares for endleſs time his plan of life,
And counts the univerſe itſelf his home.
Whence alſo but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colors thrown
On every walk of this our ſocial ſcene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The paſſions, action, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a ſacred place
Where love and praiſe may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedleſs tongue from truth diſjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the day ſpring flow'd,
Like ſiſters link'd in concord's golden chain,
They ſtood before the great eternal mind
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inſeparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to liſten to her lore,
Which knew not virtue's voice; nor, ſave where truth's
Majeſtic words are heard and underſtood
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Wither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's ſullen roar
At noon reſounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler ſcenes,
The dove-cote and the ſhepherd's fold at morn,

Conſult; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge,
In ſpring-time when the woodlands firſt are green,
Attend the linnet ſinging to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou doſt not virtue's honorable name
Attribute: wherefore, ſave that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er diſcover to themſelves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itſelf
To judge, and meaſure its officious deeds?
But man, whoſe eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Diſcerns how ſkilfully to bounteous ends
His wiſe affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himſelf ſecure
To nature's prudent impulſe; and converts
Inſtinct to duty and to ſacred law.
Hence right and fit on earth: while thus to man
The Almighty Legiſlator hath explain'd
The ſprings of action fix'd within is breaſt;
Hath given him power to ſlacken or reſtrain
Their effort; and hath ſhewn him how they join
Their partial movements with the maſter-wheel
Of the great world, and ſerve that ſacred end
Which he, the unerring reaſon, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may ſpeak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundleſs eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; ſo his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itſelf

The perfect virtue. Let the grateful ſwain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praiſe
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender ſeed
Nouriſh within his furrows: when between
Dead ſeas and burning ſkies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languiſh'd, now a ruſtling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, burſting out in thanks,
Remember this: leſt blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: leſt their ſelfiſh heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce
From ſudden counſels tranſient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have taſted, heed the ſource
That flows for all; the fountain of his love
Which, from the ſummit where he ſits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing ſtreams, throughout
The ſpacious region flouriſhing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair univerſe; on which alone
His counſels fix, and whence alone his will
Aſſumes her ſtrong direction. Such is now
His ſovran purpoſe: ſuch it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm

Was

Was never idle: his beſtowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at laſt and ſtarted up
After a deep and ſolitary ſloth
Of boundleſs ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal courſe have travel'd o'er
No ſpeechleſs, lifeleſs deſart; but through ſcenes
Cheerful with bounty ſtill; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladneſs round the maker's throne
Loud-ſhouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial truſt, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where ſo fix'd
Where all the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That each the general happineſs might ſerve;
And by the diſcipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chaſtiz'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is paſs'd; but fairer ſtill,
And ſtill increaſing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The ſame paternal hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher ſcenes of being: while, ſupply'd
From day to day by his inlivening breath
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,

As

As vapours to the earth in ſhowers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-liſtening planets charm'd
By the ſun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
Exhauſtleſs fount of intellectual day,
Centre of ſouls. Nor doth the maſtering voice
Of nature ceaſe within to prompt aright
Their ſteps; nor is the care of heaven with-held
From ſending to the toil external aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.
  But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inſpection. Though to ſome be given
To catch a tranſient viſionary glimpſe
Of that majeſtic ſcene which boundleſs power
Prepares for perfect goodneſs, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imboſom ſuch an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praiſe have touch'd the hearts of men.
Had not the ſovran guide, through every ſtage
Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble ſphere
Of ſight and ſtrength might ſuch importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own.
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties: hence that favorite palm
Of human will, when duty is ſuffic'd,
And ſtill the liberal ſoul in ampler deeds

Would

Would manifeſt herſelf; that ſacred ſign
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whoſe bounties are his own; to whom none ſaid,
"Create the wiſeſt, fulleſt, faireſt world,
"And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
Some likeneſs of himſelf among his works
To view, hath pour'd into the human breaſt
A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, ſelf-oblig'd: while, from before
That godlike function, the gigantic power
Neceſſity, though wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the ſavage elements,
Retires abaſh'd, as from a ſcene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her ſcorned followers, terror, and baſe awe
Who blinds herſelf, and that ill-ſuited pair,
Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the ſoul
Ariſes in her ſtrength; and, looking round
Her buſy ſphere, whatever work ſhe views,
Whatever counſel bearing any trace
Of her Creator's likeneſs, whether apt
To aid her fellows or preſerve herſelf
In her ſuperior functions unimpair'd,
Thither ſhe turns exulting: that ſhe claims
As her peculiar good: on that, through all
The fickle ſeaſons of the day, ſhe looks
With reverence ſtill: to that, as to a fence
Againſt affliction and the darts of pain,
Her drooping hopes repair: and, once oppos'd

To that, all other pleaſure, other wealth
Vile, as the droſs upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathſome as the briny ſea
To him who languiſhes with thirſt, and ſighs
For ſome known fountain pure. For what can ſtrive
With virtue? which of nature's regions vaſt
Can in ſo many forms produce to ſight
Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
Of hatred cannot look upon ſecure:
Which envy's ſelf contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderneſs, to infant ſmiles,
Or tears of humbleſt love. Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
The ſummer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harveſt-home, or in the froſty moon
Glittering on ſome ſmooth ſea, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the honor'd roof
Whither from higheſt heaven immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
To whoſe unſpotted ſervice gladly vow'd
The ſocial band of parent, brother, child,
With ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richeſt clime
E'er drew ſuch eager eyes, or prompted ſuch
Deep wiſhes, as the zeal that ſnatcheth back
From ſlander's poiſonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or croſſeth danger in his lion-walk,
A rival's life to reſcue? as the young
Athenian warrior ſitting down in bonds,

That

That his great father's body might not want
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmleſs was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyſs,
Is there, among the adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the boundleſs void,
Aught that with half ſuch majeſty can fill
The human boſom, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate
Amid the croud of patriots; and, his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook the crimſon ſword
Of juſtice in his rapt aſtoniſh'd eye,
And bad the father of his country hail,
For lo the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wiſe daughter of the judge of heaven,
Fair virtue; from her Father's throne ſupreme
Sent down to utter laws, ſuch as on earth
Moſt apt he knew, moſt powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obſcurer ſight, ſo far beyond himſelf
And the brief labors of his little home,
Extends not; yet, by the bright preſence won
Of this divine inſtructreſs, to her ſway

Pleas'd

Pleas'd he aſſents, nor heeds the diſtant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking toward his own high purpoſe, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondneſs and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm ſenſe of honor and of ſhame;
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
And all the comely intercourſe of praiſe,
The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.
How far unlike them muſt the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terreſtial woe can match
The ſelf-convicted boſom, which hath wrought
The bane of others or inſlav'd itſelf
With ſhackles vile? Not poiſon, nor ſharp fire
Nor the worſt pangs that ever monkiſh hate
Suggeſted, or deſpotic rage impos'd,
Were at that ſeaſon an unwiſh'd exchange:
When the ſoul loaths herſelf: when, flying thence
To crouds, on every brow ſhe ſees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or ſcorn, which drive her back
To ſolitude, her judge's voice divine
To hear in ſecret, haply ſounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and ſtill, ſtill
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
To ſpeak the award of juſtice on herſelf.
For well ſhe knows what faithful hints within
Were whiſper'd to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footſteps from the ſafer way:
What cautions to ſuſpect their painted dreſs,

And look with ſteady eyelid on their ſmiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues
Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion ſays they follow good
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, pleaſing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghaſtly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and diſmal vows,
And the frail ſoul plung'd head-long from the brink
Of life and day-light down the glomy air,
An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
Unviſited by mercy? Then what hand
Can ſnatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conſpire
To twine around his heart? or who ſhall huſh
Their clamor, when they tell him that to die,
To riſk thoſe horrors, is a direr curſe
Than baſeſt life can bring? Though love with prayers
Moſt tender, with affliction's ſacred tears,
Beſeech his aid; though gratitude and faith
Condemn each ſtep which loiters; yet let none
Make anſwer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not ſtay,
Content, and be a wretch to be ſecure.

Here

Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverſe roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep inchantreſs; and to each
With kind maternal looks preſents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedleſs they comply:
Till the whole ſoul from that myſterious draught
Is ting'd, and every tranſient thought imbibes
Of gladneſs or diſguſt, deſire or fear,
One homebred colour: which not all the lights
Of ſcience e'er ſhall change; not all the ſtorms
Of adverſe fortune waſh away, nor yet
The robe of pureſt virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they paſs, where meeting frequent ſhapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breaſt, with them they join
In dangerous parley; liſtening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckleſs paſſion, while its garb
The ſpectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with ſome new circumſtance to ſuit
That early tincture of the hearer's ſoul.
And ſhould the guardian, reaſon, but for one
Short moment yield to this illuſive ſcene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he diſcerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With ſliding feet and hands impure, to graſp
Thoſe ſolemn toys which glitter in his view

On Fortune's rugged ſteep: hence pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious luſt, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guiſe
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous paſſions driven
To guilty deeds, nor reaſon bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing for contemplation link'd with love
A penſive theme. Now haply ſhould my ſong
Unbend that ſerious countenance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her ſhrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether ſcorn ſhe darts
In wanton ambuſh from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a ſad diſguiſe of care,
O'ermantling her gay brow, ſhe acts in ſport
The deeds of folly, and from all ſides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic ſcene
To lead my Muſe with her light pencil arm'd;

Through

Through every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her labouring ſides and chokes her tongue;
Were endleſs as to ſound each grating note
With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and grave
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond,
The changing ſeaſons of the ſky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or ſhower. Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty be dragg'd in and ſhown
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with ſhrewd and wayward ſpite
Invade reſplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.

Aſk we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms ſtirs this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful pangs of laughter; from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
Wild Folly's aims? For though the ſober light
Of Truth ſlow dawning on the watchful mind
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears

To thouſands, conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of Nature, therefore ſtamp'd
Theſe glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
  But other evils o'er the ſteps of man
Through all his walks impend; againſt whoſe might
The ſlender darts of laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With miſchief arm'd for him whoe'er ſhall thwart
The path of her inexorable wheels,
While ſhe purſues the work that muſt be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms
Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by daſhing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haſte;
And the poor huſbandman, with folded arms,
Surveying his loſt labours, and a heap
Of blaſted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worſe than theſe
I deem, far worſe, that other race of ills
Which human kind rear up among themſelves;
That horrid offspring which miſgovern'd will
Bears to fantaſtic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curſe the earth, and make the blows,
The heavieſt blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem ſport; which are indeed but as the care

Of

Of a wiſe parent, who ſolicits good
To all her houſe, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
For ſome unthinking child, whom not the leſs
Its mother deſtines to be happy ſtill.
Theſe ſources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no ſlight force,
No careleſs watch. And therefore was his breaſt
Fenc'd round with paſſions quick to be alarm'd,
Or ſtubborn to oppoſe; with fear, more ſwift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontrol'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With ſorrow, that locks up the ſtruggling heart;
And ſhame, that overcaſts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lighting. Theſe the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The ſoul more ſharply than with points of ſteel,
Her enemies to ſhun or to reſiſt.
And as thoſe paſſions, that converſe with good,
Are good themſelves; as hope and love and joy,
Among the faireſt and the ſweeteſt boons
Of life, we rightly count: ſo theſe, which guard
Againſt invading evil, ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult: theſe, within the mind
Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail ſeat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To ſavages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themſelves; till human thought becomes

A gloomy ruin, haunt of ſhapes unbleſs'd,
Of ſelf-tormenting fiends; horror, deſpair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of Nature, and the gifts of Heaven.
But when through blameleſs paths to righteous ends
Thoſe keener paſſions urge the awaken'd ſoul,
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their ſway deſcribe, nor from their free career
The fellowſhip of pleaſure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the ſelf-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majeſty divine
The forms of truth and juſtice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the ſharpeſt woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human boſom, hath not often felt
How dear are all thoſe ties which bind our race
In gentleneſs together, and how ſweet
Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Aſk the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, ſilent and unſeen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
Thoſe ſacred hours when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture. Aſk the croud

Which

Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The ſavage winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down. O! deemeſt thou indeed
No pleaſing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No tender charm myſterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Aſk thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that penſive gloom thy pauſing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The reverend volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the Sovran Power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all
The praiſes of his ſon, and bids the reſt
Of mankind there the faireſt model learn
Of their own nature, and the nobleſt deeds
Which yet the world hath ſeen. If then thy ſoul

Join in the lot of thoſe diviner men;
Say, when the proſpect darkens on thy view;
When, ſunk by many a wound, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in death; when brutal force
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor diſhoneſt pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, ſculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appeaſe
Tyrannic envy, ſtrew the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs havock from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer ſtroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where ſenates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hiſſeth the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column: thus when all

The

The widely mournful ſcene is fix'd within
Thy throbbing boſom; when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, doth thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of ſilent flatterers bending to his nod,
And o'er them, like a giant, caſts his eye,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
Yet have not ſo diſhonour'd, ſo deform'd
The native judgment of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of her ſire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illuſtrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
From paſſions, wants, and envy far eſtrang'd,
Who built the ſpacious univerſe, and deck'd
Each part ſo richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleaſure; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute
The goodly ſcene, and with inſidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and ſmiles,
Dart her fell ſting with poiſon to his ſoul?
Hard is the queſtion, and from ancient days
Hath ſtill oppreſs'd with care the ſage's thought;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too ſad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
Thoſe chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly truth firſt gleam'd on barbarous lands,

Forget

Forget this dreadful ſecret when they told
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the ſpeech of lawgivers aſſume,
One old and ſplendid tale I would record
With which the Muſe of Solon in ſweet ſtrains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkneſs, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden ſtar of eve.
Who knows not Solon? laſt, and wiſeſt far,
Of thoſe whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, ſtyl'd her fathers? him whoſe voice
Through Athens huſh'd the ſtorm of civil wrath;
Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join
In friendſhip; and, with ſweet compulſion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddeſs in his breaſt inſpir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic taſk
Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when ſooth'd by years
Of flattering ſervice, the fond multitude
Hung with their ſudden counſels on the breath
Of great Piſiſtratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art
Of pleaſing and perſuading: from whoſe lips
Flow'd eloquence, which like the vows of love
Could ſteal away ſuſpicion from the hearts
Of all who liſten'd. Thus from day to day

He won the general ſuffrage, and beheld
Each rival overſhadow'd and depreſs'd
Beneath his ampler ſtate: yet oft complain'd,
As one leſs kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but ſubmits perforce
To find another's ſervices preferr'd,
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were ſcatter'd of his envious foes,
Of ſnares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Againſt his life. At laſt with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments looſe,
And ſtain'd with blood from ſelf-inflicted wounds,
He burſt into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
In broken words, with ſighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had ſcarce repell'd.
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant croud,
To guard his ſteps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O ſtill too liberal of their truſt,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love,
The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king,
Forth iſſuing from the city gate at eve
To ſeek his rural manſion, and with pomp
Crouding the public road. The ſwain ſtops ſhort,
And ſighs: the officious townſmen ſtand at gaze
And ſhrinking give the ſullen pageant room.
Yet not the leſs obſequious was his brow;
Nor leſs profuſe of courteous words his tongue,

Of

Of gracious gifts his hand: the while by ſtealth,
Like a ſmall torrent fed with evening ſhowers,
His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
Juſt as the public eye with doubt and ſhame
Startled, began to queſtion what it ſaw,
Swift as the ſound of earthquakes ruſh'd a voice
Through Athens, that Piſiſtratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hoſtile arms,
Had barr'd the ſteep aſcent, and ſate within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whoſe ſtubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of abſence, full of haſte from foreign ſhores
The ſage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd:
Arriv'd, alas, to ſee that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and ſacred call'd
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By ſavage hate, or ſunk into a den
Of ſlaves who crouch beneath the maſter's ſcourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wiſe patriot's grief impede
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with ſuch woman-like diſtreſs
To view the tranſient ſtorms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
Ev'n while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head: he girds
With mail his ſtooping breaſt: the ſhield, the ſpear
He ſnatcheth; and with ſwift indignant ſtrides

The

The aſſembled people ſeeks: proclaims aloud
It was no time for counſel: in their ſpears
Lay all their prudence now: the tyrant yet
Was not ſo firmly ſeated on his throne,
But that one ſhock of their united force
Would daſh him from the ſummit of his pride
Headlong and groveling in the duſt. What elſe
Can re-aſſert the loſt Athenian name
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith
So mock'd and ſcorn'd? Away then: freedom now
And ſafety dwell not but with fame in arms:
Myſelf will ſhew you where their manſion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he ſpake, through all
Their crouded ranks his quick ſagacious eye
He darted; where no chearful voice was heard
Of ſocial daring; no ſtretch'd arm was ſeen
Haſtening their common taſk: but pale miſtruſt
Wrinkled each brow: they ſhook their heads, and down
Their ſlack hands hung: cold ſighs and whiſper'd doubts
From breath to breath ſtole round. The ſage mean time
Look'd ſpeechleſs on, while his big boſom heav'd
Struggling with ſhame and ſorrow: till at laſt
A tear broke forth; and, O immortal ſhades,
O Theſeus, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where,
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
Through life! behold for whom ye choſe to die!
No more he added; but with lonely ſteps
Weary and ſlow, his ſilver beard depreſs'd,

And

And his ſtern eyes bent heedleſs on the ground,
Back to his ſilent dwelling he repair'd.
There o'er the gate, his armour, as a man
Whom from the ſervice of the war his chief
Diſmiſſeth after no inglorious toil,
He fix'd in general view. One wiſhful look
He ſent, unconſcious, toward the public place
At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
Without a word, without a ſigh, retir'd.
Scarce had the morrow's ſun his golden rays
From ſweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian ſhores,
When, lo, on Solon's threſhold met the feet
Of four Athenians by the ſame ſad care
Conducted all: than whom the ſtate beheld
None nobler. Firſt came Megacles, the ſon
Of great Alcmæon, whom the Lydian king,
The mild, unhappy Crœſus, in his days
Of glory had with coſtly gifts adorn'd,
Fair veſſels, ſplendid garments, tinctur'd webs.
And heaps of treaſur'd gold beyond the lot
Of many ſovrans; thus requiting well
That hoſpitable favour which erewhile
Alcmæon to his meſſengers had ſhewn,
Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere
Apollo's Delphic ſhrine. With Megacles
Approach'd his ſon, whom Agariſta bore,
The virtuous child of Cliſthenes whoſe hand
Of Grecian ſceptres the moſt ancient far

In Sicyon ſway'd: but greater fame he drew
From arms control'd by juſtice, from the love
Of the wiſe Muſes, and the unenvied wreath
Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
His warlike ſteeds the hero led, and there
Contended through the tumult of the courſe
With ſkilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid the applauſes of aſſembled Greece,
High on his car he ſtood and wav'd his arm.
Silence enſued: when ſtrait the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth,
Whom Cliſthenes content might call his ſon,
To viſit, ere twice thirty days were paſs'd,
The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
With his fair daughter, him among the gueſts
Whom worthieſt he ſhould deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came:
From rich Heſperea; from the Illyrian ſhore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's ſurge
Looks on the ſetting ſun; from thoſe brave tribes
Chaonian or Moloſſian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying ſtill
In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurſe
Of men who firſt among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Péneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen

Of all Eubœan cities, who, ſublime
On the ſteep margin of Euripus, views
Acroſs the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful ſons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid:
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of ſacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
That overſhade Alphéus, echoing oft
Some ſhepherd's ſong. But through the illuſtrious band
Was none who might with Megacles compare
In all the honours of unblemiſh'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their ſon
Young Cliſthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great ſire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd
When the ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart
Throbb'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief
With ſcorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
Scarce underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds,
Are deſtin'd for his country and himſelf
In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions whom one mother bore
To different lords; but whom the better ties
Of firm eſteem and friendſhip render'd more
Than brothers: firſt Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his ancient line;
That Æacus whoſe unimpeach'd renown

For ſanctity and juſtice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty ſoul within the burning gates
Of Tartarus compel, or ſend the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elyſium. From a ſtem
So ſacred, ne'er could worthier ſcyon ſpring
Than this Miltiades; whoſe aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inſpir'd foreknowing maid who ſits
Upon the Delphic tripod, ſhall implore
To wield their ſceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherſoneſus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he ſtands
In deep ſolicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconſcious both what widely different lots
Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cymon not his valour, not his birrh
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thouſand gifts
Dealt round him with a wife, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himſelf
From his own brow transferr'd to ſoothe the mind
Of this Piſiſtratus, can long preſerve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's ſons,
And their aſſaſſin dagger. But if death
Obſcure upon his gentle ſteps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompenſe prepares

In

In his victorious ſon, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory ſhall with Time's aſſiduous hand
In adamantine characters ingrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainſt the gigantic pride of Aſia's king,
Shall all the atchievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who ſail'd
From Theſſaly with Jaſon, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had aſſembled. But the gate
Now opens, and acroſs the ample floor
Strait they proceed into an open ſpace
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant ſpot,
Where ſtands a rural altar, pil'd with ſods
Cut from the graſſy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's ſelf they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthen veſſels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous ſtream;
Calling meantime the Muſes to accept
His ſimple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor ſullied by deſtroying fire,
But ſuch as for himſelf Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unſeen the gueſts drew near, and ſilent view'd

That worſhip; till the hero prieſt his eye
Turn'd toward a ſeat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confeſs'd
Before him ſtood. Backward his ſtep he drew,
As loth that care or tumult ſhould approach
Thoſe early rites divine: but ſoon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with ſuch
Deſponding geſture, bring him on perforce
To ſpeak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common ſhame?
Or aſk ye ſome new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cauſe
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I deſpair: nor could I wiſh from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, ſo now by ſtrenuous arms
From impious violation to aſſert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who ſhall wield them? Ye beheld
The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Muſt paſs, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For juſt reſentment, or their hands indure
To ſmite this tyrant brood, ſo near to all
Their hopes, ſo oft admir'd, ſo long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honeſt prudence: me it ill beſeems
Again to ſupplicate the unwilling croud
To reſcue from a vile deceiver's hold

That

That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myſelf; nor can I plunge
In counſels deep and various, nor prepare
For diſtant wars, thus faultering as I tread
On life's laſt verge, ere long to join the ſhades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care employs me now. My vows I pay
To the ſweet Muſes, teachers of my youth
And ſolace of my age. If right I deem
Of the ſtill voice that whiſpers at my heart,
The immortal ſiſters have not quite withdrawn
Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
With ſacred ſilence favour what I ſpeak,
And haply ſhall my faithful lips be taught
To unfold celeſtial counſels, which may arm
As with impenetrable ſteel your breaſts
For the long ſtrife before you, and repel
The darts of adverſe fate. He ſaid, and ſnatch'd
The laurel bough, and ſate in ſilence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in ſolemn muſing, full before
The ſun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breaſt of Solon. Solon rais'd
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope ſhone bright and all the proſpect ſmil'd,
To your ſequeſter'd manſion oft my ſteps
Were turn'd, O Muſes, and within your gate

My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with ſtrains
Of flowing harmony to ſoften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form auſtere
Of civil counſel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and ſupplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet ſinks not, but to you,
To your mild wiſdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of ſolitude and ſilence. Ye can teach
The viſions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inſpir'd,
Or the firſt heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladſome to my ſenſe
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Purſuing careleſs pleaſure: ye can give
To this long leiſure, theſe unheeded hours,
A labour as ſublime, as when the ſons
Of Athens throng'd and ſpeechleſs round me ſtood
To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celeſtial powers,
I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and ſacred theme; not leſs than thoſe
Which to the eternal cuſtody of fame
Your lips intruſted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian ſhore.
Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you eſtrang'd?)
Oft hath my ſolitary ſong to you

Reveal'd

Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my ſteps
To willing exile; earneſt to withdraw
From envy and the diſappointed thirſt
Of lucre, leſt the bold familiar ſtrife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Againſt her legiſlator, ſhould impair
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Ægypt therefore through the Ægean iſles
My courſe I ſteer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
Of Saïs, and the rites to Iſis paid,
I ſought, and in her temple's ſilent courts,
Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
At morn or midnight the deep ſtory told
Of her who repreſents whate'er has been,
Or is, or ſhall be; whoſe myſterious veil
No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
By him exhorted, ſouthward to the walls
Of On I paſs'd, the city of the ſun,
The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there amid
His prieſts and ſages, who the live-long night
Watch the dread movements of the ſtarry ſphere,
Or who in wondrous fables half diſcloſe
The ſecrets of the elements, 'twas there
That great Pſenophis taught my raptur'd ears
The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
And her pure laws, the firſt which earth obey'd.
Deep in my boſom ſunk the noble tale;

And often, while I liſten'd, did my mind
Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
Should ſometime for an Attic audience raiſe
Anew that lofty ſcene, and from their tombs
Call forth thoſe ancient demigods to ſpeak
Of juſtice and the hidden providence
That walk among mankind. But yet meantime
The myſtic pomp of Ammon's gloomy ſons
Became leſs pleaſing. With contempt I gaz'd
On that tame garb and thoſe unvarying paths
To which the double yoke of king and prieſt
Had cramp'd the ſullen race. At laſt with hymns
Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
Of chearful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
To Egypt, and before the ſouthern wind
Spread my full ſails. What climes I then ſurvey'd,
What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm
Of Crœſus or upon the Cyprian ſhore,
The Muſe, who prompts my boſom, doth not now
Conſent that I reveal. But when at length
Ten times the ſun returning from the ſouth
Had ſtrow'd with flowers the verdant earth and fill'd
The groves with muſic, pleas'd I then beheld
The term of thoſe long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, I ſaid, will I ſit down within
The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
The Cretan ſoil, have pierc'd thoſe reverend haunts
Whence law and civil concord iſſued forth
As from their ancient home, and ſtill to Greece
Their wiſeſt, loftieſt diſcipline proclaim.

Strait

Strait where Amniſus, mart of wealthy ſhips,
Appears beneath fam'd Cnoſſus and her towers
Like the fair handmaid of a ſtately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with eager ſteps
The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
Who taught the leaders of the ſimpler time
By written words to curb the untoward will
Of mortals, how within that generous iſle
Have ye the triumphs of your power diſplay'd
Munificent! Thoſe ſplendid merchants, lords
Of traffic and the ſea, with what delight
I ſaw them at their public meal, like ſons
Of the ſame houſehold, join the plainer ſort
Whoſe wealth was only freedom! whence to theſe
Vile envy, and to thoſe fantaſtic pride,
Alike was ſtrange; but noble concord ſtill
Cheriſh'd the ſtrength untam'd, the ruſtic faith,
Of their firſt fathers. Then the growing race,
How pleaſing to behold them in their ſchools,
Their ſports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
O ſhade of Minos, thy controling eye!
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praiſing the bounteous gods, or, to preſerve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Reſounding what the Muſe inſpir'd of old;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In heavy armour through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With meaſur'd ſwiftneſs, from the hard-bent bow

To

To ſend reſiſtleſs arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of proweſs to contend,
Now wreſtling, now with fiſts and ſtaves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen ſhields; while ſtill the warbling flute
Preſided o'er the combat, breathing ſtrains
Grave, ſolemn, ſoft; and changing headlong ſpite
To thoughtful reſolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld thoſe iſlanders renown'd,
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which, nor the ſtorms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or ſlacken. Firſt of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos ſtill;
And holieſt far, of what the ſun ſurveys
Through his whole courſe, were thoſe primeval ſeats
Which with religious footſteps he had taught
Their ſires to approach the wild Dictæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads
Of Ida, and the ſpacious grotto, where
His active youth he paſs'd, and where his throne
Yet ſtands myſterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in ſecret to conſult
On juſtice, and the tables of his law
To inſcribe anew. Oft alſo with like zeal
Great Rhea's manſion from the Cnoſſian gates
Men viſit; nor leſs oft the antique fane

Built on that ſacred ſpot, along the banks
Of ſhady Theron, where benignant Jove
And his majeſtic conſort join'd their hands
And ſpoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
That the dire fame of Athens ſunk in bonds
I firſt receiv'd; what time an annual feaſt
Had ſummon'd all the genial country round,
By ſacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
That firſt great ſpouſal; while the enamour'd youths
And virgins, with the prieſt before the ſhrine,
Obſerve the ſame pure ritual, and invoke
The ſame glad omens. There, among the croud
Of ſtrangers from thoſe naval cities drawn
Which deck, like gems, the iſland's northern ſhore,
A merchant of Ægina I deſcrib'd,
My ancient hoſt. But, forward as I ſprung
To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-averſe; and, O Athenian gueſt,
He ſaid, art thou in Crete; theſe joyful rites
Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.
He added names of men, with hoſtile deeds
Diſaſtrous; which obſcure and indiſtinct
I heard: for, while he ſpake, my heart grew cold
And my eyes dim: the altars and their train
No more were preſent to me: how I far'd,
Or whither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
Aught of thoſe moments other than the ſenſe
Of one who ſtruggles in oppreſſive ſleep,
And, from the toils of ſome diſtreſsful dream

To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at laſt
The ſun and nature's face again appear'd,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypreſs groves and ſwelling meads,
From Cnoſſus to the cave of Jove aſcends.
Heedleſs I follow'd on; till ſoon the ſkirts
Of Ida roſe before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky ſide.
Entering within the threſhold, on the ground
I flung me, ſad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * * * * * *

THE

THE BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

MDCCLXX.

ONE effort more, one chearful ſally more,
Our deſtin'd courſe will finiſh. And in peace
Then for an offering ſacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inſcribe a monument of deathleſs praiſe,
O my adventurous ſong. With ſteady ſpeed
Long haſt thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heaven: haſt now ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of paſſion and opinion; like a waſte
Of ſands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and haſt now
Exulting ſoar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the diſcourſes of the gods,

A curious,

A curious, but an unpreſuming gueſt,
Thou might'ſt partake, and carry back ſome ſtrain
Of divine wiſdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different taſk remains; the ſecret paths
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Thoſe haunts where Fancy her predeſtin'd ſons,
Like to the demigods of old, doth nurſe
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy ſouls
Who now her tender diſcipline obey,
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your ſteps? What ſolemn groves at noon
Uſe ye to viſit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or muſing, as in ſlumber, on the green?
—Would I again were with you!—O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt antient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller to view
Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian ſhades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the moſſy falls
Of ſolitary Wenſbeck's limpid ſtream;
How gladly I recall your well-known ſeats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a ſummer's day,
I wander'd through your calm receſſes, led
In ſilence by ſome powerful hand unſeen,

Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor ſhall e'er
The graver taſks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wiſdom, move me to diſclaim
Thoſe ſtudies which poſſeſs'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From ſleep I reſcue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkneſs, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the ſweet magic of harmonious verſe;
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how ſelf-taught,
Though ſeldom conſcious of their own employ,
In nature's or in fortune's changeful ſcene
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Thoſe forms ſet up, as idols in the ſoul
For love and zealous praiſe. Yet indiſtinct,
In vulgar boſoms, and unnotic'd lie
Theſe pleaſing ſtores, unleſs the caſual force
Of things external prompt the heedleſs mind
To recognize her wealth. But ſome there are
Conſcious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: ſome who, within themſelves
Retiring from the trivial ſcenes of chance
And momentary paſſion, can at will
Call up theſe fair exemplars of the mind;

Review their features; ſcan the ſecret laws
Which bind them to each other: and diſplay
By forms, or ſounds, or colours, to the ſenſe
Of all the world their latent charms diſplay:
Even as in nature's frame (if ſuch a word,
If ſuch a word, ſo bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the Great Artificer pourtrays
His own immenſe idea. Various names
Theſe among mortals bear, as various ſigns
They uſe, and by peculiar organs ſpeak
To human ſenſe. There are who by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving ſtops diſtinct,
Or by extended chords in meaſure taught
To vibrate, can aſſemble powerful ſounds
Expreſſing every temper of the mind
From every cauſe, and charming all the ſoul
With paſſion void of care. Others mean time
The rugged maſs of metal, wood, or ſtone,
Patiently taming; or with eaſier hand
Deſcribing lines, and with more ample ſcope
Uniting colours; can to general ſight
Produce thoſe permanent and perfect forms,
Thoſe characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the ſoul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to theſe
A field is open'd wide as nature's ſphere;

Nay,

Nay, wider: various as the ſudden acts
Of human wit, and vaſt as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treaſures. Him the hours,
The ſeaſons him obey: and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep meaſure with his flight,
At will outſtrip it. To enhance his toil,
He ſummoneth from the uttermoſt extent
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power; and all beſide
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives, to corporeal eſſence, life and ſenſe
And every ſtately function of the ſoul.
The ſoul itſelf to him obſequious lies,
Like matter's paſſive heap; and as he wills,
To reaſon and affection he aſſigns
Their juſt alliances, their juſt degrees:
Whence his peculiar honors; whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themſelves,
Tranſcend as far the uncertain ſons of earth,
As earth itſelf to his delightful world
The palm of ſpotleſs beauty doth reſign.

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